

# The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME IV.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 30, 1838.

NUMBER 29.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
At 295 Broadway,

BY EUSTIS PRESCOTT & CO.

*Terms.*—Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Four Dollars when sent out of the United States. No subscriptions received for less than six months, nor discontinued except at half yearly period, or payment of dues. Money may be remitted at the risk of the Publishers, if mailed in the presence of the Postmaster, and the description of bills, date of mailing, &c., entered on his memorandum book.

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## MISCELLANY.

### INVOCATION TO THE CUCKOO.

O Pursuivant and Herald of the Spring!  
Whether thou still dost dwell  
In some rose-launder'd dell  
Of that charm'd Island, whose magician king  
Bade all its rocks and caves,  
Woods, winds and waves,  
Thrill to the dulcet chant of Ariel,  
Until he broke the spell,  
And cast his wand into the shuddering sea,—  
O hither, hither fleet,  
Upon the south wind sweet,  
And soothe us with thy vernal melody!  
Or whether to the redolent Azores,  
Amid whose tufted sheaves  
The floral Goddess weaves  
Her garland, breathing on the glades and shores  
Intoxicating air,  
Truant! thou dost repair:  
Or lingerest still in that meridian nest,  
Where myriad piping throats  
Rival the warbler's notes,  
The saffron namesake of those Islands blest,  
O hither, hither wing  
Thy flight, and to our longing woodlands sing!  
Or in those sea-girt gardens dost thou dwell,  
Of plantain, cocoa, palm,  
And that red tree whose balm  
Fumed in the holocausts of Israel;  
Beneath Banana shades,  
Guava, and fig-tree glades,  
Painting thy plumage in the sapphirine hue  
Thrown from the heron blue,  
Or rays of the prismatic parrot,  
O let the perfumed breeze  
From those Hesperides  
Waft thee once more our eager ears to greet!  
For lo! the young leaves flutter in the South,  
As if they tried their wings,  
While the bee's trumpet brings  
News of each bud that pouts its honied mouth;  
Blue-bells, yellow-cups, jonquils,  
Lilies wild and daffodils,  
Gladden our meads in intertangled wreath:  
The sun enamour'd lies,  
Watching the violet's eyes  
On every bank, and drinks their luscious breath:  
With open lips the thorn  
Proclaims that May is born,  
And darest thou, bird of Spring, that summons scorn?  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! O welcome, welcome notes!  
Fields, woods, and waves rejoice  
In that recover'd voice,  
As on the wind its duty music floats,  
At that elixir strain,  
My youth resumes its reign,  
And life's first Spring comes blossoming again:  
O wondrous bird! if thus  
Thy voice miraculous  
Can renovate my spirit's vernal prime,  
Nor thou my muse forbear  
That ecstasy to share,  
I laugh at Fortune, and defy old Time.

New Monthly Mag.

### NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NIGHT BATHERS IN INDIA.—On the occasion of a grand nocturnal bathing ceremony, held at the great tank called the *Indra Daman*, I went with a party of three or four others to witness the spectacle. The walls surrounding the pool and cluster of picturesque pavilions in its centre were brilliantly lighted up with hundreds of *cherangs*, or small oil-lamps, casting a

flickering lustre upon the heads and shoulders of about five hundred men, women, and children, who were ducking and playing, *a corps perdu*, in the water. As I glanced over the figures nearest to me, I discovered floating among the indifferent bathers, two dead bodies, who had either been drowned in the confusion, or had purposely come to die on the edge of the sacred tank; the cool and apathetic survivors taking not the slightest notice of their soulless neighbours.—*Capt. Mundy's Sketches.*

THE GAME OF MUE.—Every evening while I remained at Bilbao, I spent half an hour in the Swiss coffee-house, the only one in the town; and one evening, I was much amused by a very curious scene I witnessed there. Four gentlemen were seated at a card table when I entered the coffee-house, and at first I paid no particular attention to them; but accidentally resting my eye upon them while sipping my coffee, I was surprised to see one of the players shut his eye and thrust his tongue out of his mouth; from him my eyes wandered to another, who at the same moment squinted with both his eyes, and thrust forward his under lip: I now saw that it was a constant succession of face-making, all the while the game went on. It is impossible to describe the strange, ludicrous, and hideous faces of the players. I was at first dumb with astonishment, and then convulsed with laughter, and all the while dying with curiosity to know the reason of so grotesque an exhibition. It was a Biscayan game called *mue*—answering to each card in a particular contortion of the face, which interprets its value; and the point of the game consists in the dexterity with which the partners are able to convey to each other by grimace the state of each other's hand. This is a favourite game in Biscay; but it is said to require a lifetime to become expert in it. I should think it requires also the natural gift of grime.—*Inglis Spain in 1830.*

### TIME.

TIME, they do paint thee old, but unto me,  
It seems that young and sturdy thou shouldest be;  
Man, though he be a king, grows old and dies,  
Empires are shattered and new empires rise;  
The very earth we stand on doth decay,  
Oceans are choked, and mountains pass away;  
But thou, with foot as fleet and arm as strong,  
Unknown, unwearied, speedest thee along.

*Western Month. Mag. March.*

THE STORK.—Fortunately for the Stork, it is held as a sacred bird, not only by the Dutch and Danes, but also in Asia and Africa; for different reasons, perhaps, in these different regions. In Holland, not so much for any service it may be supposed to render, in clearing their dykes and ditches,—for the Dutch have no dislike whatever to frogs,—but on account of the alleged filial affection of the young birds for their parents. This trait was so well known to the ancients, that the stork became an emblem of filial piety; its English name, indeed, is taken from the Greek, and signifies natural affection. A Danish author says that when the storks first make their appearance in early spring, nothing is more common than to see many of the old birds, tired and feeble with their long flight, supported occasionally on the backs of the young ones; and the peasants have no doubt that they are laid carefully in those very nests, in which the year before these young ones had been nurtured.—*Col. Batty's Tour through South Holland.*

JOHN WESLEY.—In the early days of methodism, to discourage pawning, and aid his poorer disciples, he established a fund, termed the "Lending Stock," from which, on security offered, from two to five pounds might be obtained for a period of 3 months. Lackington the celebrated bookseller, and others who rose to great eminence in the commercial world, commenced their mercantile career by loans derived from this fund.—*Chronicles of Wesleyan Methodism.*

CROCODILES EGGS.—Walking along the banks of the river, I saw on the sand the recent track of a very large crocodile; and thinking that possibly it might be a female come on shore to lay her eggs, I followed up the track about twenty paces along the waterside, where the ground appearing to have been much trodden, and recently disturbed, I dug and found ninety-nine eggs. The Arabs are in the habit of saying that ninety-nine is always the number of the crocodile's

eggs; but I have found them of various numbers between sixty and ninety-nine. My people and those of the place immediately made a *friacasee*, which I tasted, but found very nauseous, having a flavor between rancid oil and musk. Each egg had considerably more white than yolk.—*Lian's Voyage on the White Nile.*

### ANNA BOLETN.

I weep, while gazing on thy modest face  
Thou pictur'd history of woman's love!  
Joy spreads his burning pinions on thy cheek,  
Shaming its whiteness—and thine eyes are full  
Of conscious beauty while they undulate.  
Yet all thy beauty—all thy gentleness,  
Serv'd but to light thy ruin. Is there not,  
Kind heaven! some secret talisman of hearts,  
Wherby to find a resting place for love?  
Unhappy maiden! let thy history teach  
The beautifull and young, that when their path  
Softens with roses, danger may be there;  
That Love may watch the bubbles of the stream,  
But never trust his image on the wave!

TRAVELLING SANGROID.—The late Duke of Devonshire and his brother Lord George Cavendish (once Chancellor of the Exchequer) were alike remarkable for their taciturnity, and would pass whole months together without uttering a word. They were both travelling through Europe in the same carriage, when stopping one evening at an inn in Germany, they were informed, after supper, that they could only be accommodated with a chamber containing three beds, one of which was already occupied. They made no remark, but quietly retired to the apartment. Feeling, however, some little curiosity, they drew aside the bed-curtains, and took a momentary peep, they then immediately got into bed, and slept soundly. Next morning, after they had breakfasted, and paid their bill, the Duke could not refrain from saying to his brother: "George, did you see the *dead body*?" "Yes," was the reply, and they both got into their chaise, and proceeded on their journey.—*Hist. and Lit. Tour in England and Scotland, by a Foreigner.*

### DR. JOHNSON.

When we consider the rank which Dr. Johnson held, not only in literature, but in society, we cannot help figuring him to ourselves as the benevolent giant of some fairy tale, whose kindness and courtesies are still mingled with a part of the rugged ferocity imputed to the fabulous sons of Amuk; or rather, perhaps, like a Roman dictator, fetched from his farm, whose wisdom and heroism still relished of his rustic occupation. And there were times when, with all his wisdom and all his wit, this rudeness of disposition, and the sacrifices and submissions he exacted, were so great, that even Mrs. Thrale seems at length to have thought that the honor of being Johnson's hostess was almost counterbalanced by the tax which he exacted on her time and patience.

The cause of those deficiencies in temper and manners, was no ignorance of what was fit to be done in society, or how far each individual ought to suppress his own wishes in favor of those with whom he associates; for theoretically, no man understood the rules of good breeding better than Dr. Johnson, or could act more exactly in conformity with them, when the high rank of those with whom he was in company for the time required that he should do so. But during the greater part of his life, he had been in a great measure a stranger to the higher society in which such restraint became necessary; and it may be fairly presumed, that the indulgence of a variety of little selfish peculiarities, which it is the object of good breeding to suppress, became thus familiar to him. The consciousness of his own mental superiority in most companies which he frequented, contributed to his dogmatism; and when he had attained his eminence as a dictator in literature, like other potentates, he was not averse to a display of his authority; resembling in this particular Swift, and one or two other men of genius, who have had the bad taste to imagine that their talents elevated them above observance of the common rules of society. It must also be remarked, that in Johnson's time the literary society of London was much more confined than at present, and that he set the Jupiter of a little circle, prompt, on the slightest contradiction, to lynch the thunderbolts of rebuke and sarcasm. He was, in a word, despotic, and despotic will occasionally lead the best dispositions into unbecoming abuse of power. It is

not likely that any one will again enjoy, or have an opportunity of abusing, the singular degree of submission which was rendered to Johnson by all around him. The unreserved communication of friends, rather than the spleen of enemies, have occasioned his character being exposed in all its shadows, as well as its lights. But those, when summed and counted, amount only to a few narrow-minded prejudices concerning country and party, from which few ardent tempers remain entirely free, and sound violences and solecisms in manners, which left his talents, morals, and benevolence, alike unimpeachable.—*Sir W. Scott's Prefatory Memoirs to Novelists' Library.*

### A CIRCASSIAN VILLAGE.

After a drive of about four wersts, we reached the village at the foot of Beshtau. It was enclosed by a palisade of basket work, which, after alighting, we entered by a wicket. A number of women, miserably dressed, made their escape, but the children, almost in a state of nudity, remained for a few minutes to gaze at us. One black-eyed girl, of a very dark complexion, with a few tattered clothes on her, and with a naked child in her arms, reminded us of the savages of America and India. The *Uzdeens*, or noble, who was well dressed, and very clean, conducted us past a number of wicker-work clay-plastered houses, one of which had been blown down the preceding night, an occurrence which is very common, and which is greatly facilitated by the lightness of the materials of which they consist, and by each standing separate from the other. Our host's wife had retreated to her own apartment, and no persuasion could induce him to present us to her. We saw and conversed, however, through Mr. Jack, with his mother, an old woman, who had a dignified deportment. We were shown into a small room, with the fire-place on one side, and a very low sofa, with cushions, on the other, the wall being hung, not with tapestry, but with woven straw, and covered with Circassian fire-arms, swords, and poniards. This noble wished to kill a sheep for our entertainment, but as we refused to await its preparation, a small low round table, without table cloth, knives, forks, or plates, was covered by millet boiled in milk, like pieces of pudding. In the centre was placed a wooden dish, containing pieces of new cheese, like curd, which had been toasted with butter and honey. At another table, his children, and some other girls, partook of the same fare, which they helped themselves to with their hands. They were all dressed in gaudy colours, and walked in high pattens. They were very fine girls, and most of them had beautiful features.

We gave our host, Suliman Abazkoef, a ten rouble note, under the name of his eldest daughter. Another *Uzdeens*, or noble, Shora, who had also joined us at Konstantinorsk, and accompanied us to the village, employs himself as a *whip-maker*, and from him we bought a number of Circassian whips, for 4, 10, and even 15 roubles; those at the last price having a small dagger in the handle. All of them were remarkably well made.

As we proceeded to Karass, we could not help being amused at the component parts of our party. A Scotch priest, mounted as among his native hills, and a Circassian noble and whip-maker, on his beautiful steed, rode side by side, or tried the speed of their horses against one another, as we were whirled along by the Russian *isrosichiks*, who sung with great animation. In the evening, Suliman, and another noble, a Nogay *mirza*, or prince, whose village was in an uproar, and who had been to complain to the military authorities at Konstantinorsk, made us a visit, and were highly pleased with the presents we made them of English razors, as was also our faithful attendant Shora. The latter we found to be a clever, intelligent man, who both spoke and wrote Russian very well; his occupation proclaimed that he was not rich, but yet he had a noble mind, and perhaps only awaits an opportunity to distinguish himself. Mr. Jack having informed us, that he had been at different times on the point of becoming a convert to the Christian religion, and once had consented to be baptized, and then relapsed into his Mahomedan ideas and opinions, I entered into a long conversation with him, and was equally surprised at his knowledge and his powerful mode of reasoning.—*Dr. Lyall's Travels in Russia.*

IRON RELICS.—M. Barruel, an eminent French chemist, boasts of being able to extract sufficient iron from the blood of a deceased person to strike a medal the size of a forty franc piece. "He that hath the ashes of his friend," says Sir Thomas Brown, "hath an everlasting treasure." Hence, then, there is a possibility of possessing iron reliques.



THE GHOST-HUNTER AND HIS FAMILY.  
By the author of *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, &c.

The London Observer supplies the following succinct analysis of this new work.—

The hero of the story, the Ghost-Hunter, is named Morris Brady: when we are first introduced to him he is a youth, and is thus described in the novel:—“Morris Brady, Randal’s eldest son, was the least handsome of the family. There was, however, nothing disagreeable or repulsive in his countenance, although his manner and expression bespake a singular character, in which great impetuosity and daring formed the principal features. When suddenly addressed, his head jerked round, and his eyes glanced quickly and wildly; and in moods of strong excitement, which were frequent with poor Morris, all his actions were the results of headlong impulse. His enunciation was rapid, but not continuous; and he spoke in bursts of assertion, his mind, as it were, flashing his convictions. Excepting a knowledge of languages, his father had given him a good education—He delighted to plunge into the depths of mathematical calculations, and no problem was too abstruse for his mental powers. Indeed, difficulties under any shape, whether intellectual or bodily, seemed to be but incentives to almost audacious exertion. Once, in his boyhood, when birdnesting, he was on the bough of a high tree, which broke under his weight, and came down trembling, to the terror of his companions. Morris, however, did not passively submit: in his descent he grasped another branch, instantly remounted the tree higher than before—merely because he would defy and overcome the danger—swung himself to and fro, crying out, shouting, yelling, and grinding his teeth, like a maniac. All his associates had a kind of awe of him in his fits of extravagance; and, no matter at what odds in point of years and strength, Morris never lost a battle in pugilistic warfare. Indeed, his wild, demon-like face and manner, and the vehement discharges of abuse with which he accompanied every thump, often stood him in more stead in winning a victory than his knuckles or the force of his arms. Morris’s imagination absolutely gloated on the marvellous. He was quite sincere when, to our knowledge, he assured his father ‘he would give the right eye out of his head to speak to a spirit.’ In truth, the passion of his soul, and the ambition of his life, was to meet, face to face, one of those fearful sights from which others shrink.” Morris makes several attempts to meet a ghost, which are only repeated failures; although, as shall soon appear, he is shortly to be gratified in his heart’s longing to his heart’s content, and to his own cost into the bargain. His first interview with a ghost is thus described: the ghost is that of a *mauvais sujet*, called Joe Wilson, one of Morris’s former companions, who was murdered on the spot where Morris seeks for him:—“A kind of stir, without the accompaniment of noise, caught his side vision. He jumped fully round, and confronted the appearance; and there, bending over the remarkable stone, and too visible to leave a doubt of its presence, (although owing to the deep shade of the hedge above, somewhat indistinctly shaped forth) stood a human figure.—Morris’s skin crept, in spite of him, as if in horror, at the cold current now running beneath it. He took off his hat, crossed his forehead, and repeated aloud the name of the Trinity. The figure slowly raised its drooping head, and Morris saw the features of Joe Wilson—pallid, indeed, and strangely changed yet still the man’s well-known features; and again did ghost-seer wince under the cold, unwinking, passing, mindless, lifeless stare that was fixed upon him. Suddenly his courage returned, or, rather, a daring determination re-energized him, and in a wild and startling tone he exclaimed, ‘In the most Holy Name, this night, I, Morris Brady, command you to tell me who and what you are?’ There was a moment’s dead pause, in which Morris heard the hollow beating of his own heart. A deep, but low voice, replied to him, ‘the spirit of the man murdered on the spot where you stand.’ ‘In the same name, once more, tell me what it is that puts trouble on you?’ and now Morris’s own voice sank low. ‘None dared to ask before; and the dead must be silent till they are questioned. I know it; can I give rest to you?’ ‘You can, if you have the heart to do it.’ ‘I have the heart,’ answered Morris, his impetuosity returning; ‘and what’s not sinful I’ll do, if living Christian has power.’ ‘Listen, then,’ and Morris conceived that the figure rose to more mortal height; ‘listen: to-morrow night, as the clock sounds twelve, meet me in John’s abbey church-yard, at the head of my own grave; and at that spot meet me, or, Morris Brady, rue your challenge.’ Morris repairs to the rendezvous with the ghost, which terminates as follows:—‘Swear,’ says the ghost, ‘by the soul of him who has been murdered! Swear by your own soul!—swear by the darkness of the night!—and swear by every spirit that hearkens to the oath, to be silent, and to obey the dead!’ ‘I swear!’ and Morris again spoke in a shout, and as if some will other than his own had moved his tongue. ‘Follow me now,’ continued the voice, and, as it ceased, the figure of the *boshee* glided through the low archway into the burial-ground without. Morris sprang after it. The apparition passed into an adjacent street of the town by a turn-stile at the boundary of the churchyard, and, with noiseless step, hurried on. The spirit, of course, is no real one: it is Joe Wilson, full of blood and life, and plotting how to get Morris Brady into mischief. He succeeds, a robbery is committed, and poor Morris is suspected. His father, convinced of his honesty, resists the officers who come to search his house, and, for so doing,

is thrown into prison. A long train of sufferings befalls the Ghost-hunter’s family, from which they are at length relieved by the perseverance and ingenuity of Rose Randal, Brady’s eldest daughter.

#### THE LONDON PRESS.

In describing the condition of the newspaper press, our object is to benefit the public, by accelerating a change of those laws which have tended to its degradation; and we trust that we may be conducive to an improvement of its character, even before it is relieved from the unwholesome restrictions imposed upon it by government. In pursuing these laudable objects, we abstain from much personality. Our wish is, not to attack individuals, but to expose a system, which has grown up under bad laws that have perverted an engine of the greatest benefit to the community, into a mere object of traffic, to be bartered very often by needy, illiterate, and unprincipled men.

The superior intelligence and increased public spirit of the present day, have rendered the truly barbarous laws of libel almost innocuous, and we doubt if a jury would now restrain its expressions of disgust and indignation, were a recent scene to be repeated, in which Judge Bayley reproved an attorney-general for availing himself of a technicality in proceedings, in order to gain an unfair advantage over an editor of a newspaper at a trial for libel. It struck us as an error peculiarly culpable in the *Morning Chronicle*, that, in drawing the character of the late Lord Tenterden at his decease, the editor should have said, that the judge ‘had the knack of so placing the subject for the jury, that they could not, without abandoning all pretensions to judgment, take any other course than what he indicated.’ So great an error as this, in the very teeth of Hume’s memorable trial, and of many similar cases, was sufficiently remarkable from the pen of almost the soundest writer in London, but one fact rendered the error more remarkable in the *Morning Chronicle*. An attorney a few years ago brought an action against the *Morning Chronicle* for a libel. Lord Lyndhurst, (then Sir John Copley,) with Sir James Scarlet, and Sir Thomas Denman, were the counsel for the paper, and the present Baron Gurney conducted the prosecution.—To the utmost surprise and confusion of Gurney, Sir John Copley put the case to the jury, that the law of libel was meant for the protection of honourable characters, against malignant or unjust attacks, and was not to be turned by the crafty into a mere source of sordid profit. On this principle he proved, by subpoenaing the attorneys of different newspapers, that so far from the plaintiff having brought his action against the *Morning Chronicle* in order to vindicate an honest character, he had actually brought actions against, if we recollect right, nine or more papers, and had received hush-money for suppressing proceedings from those that preferred paying a bribe to the heavy expenses incidental even to an acquittal. The special jury, of which Mr. Cox, the banker, was foreman, instantly gave a verdict for the defendant. It is almost impossible to suppose, that a man not absolutely insane, could for a moment have hesitated on the subject; and, indeed, the contempt and indignation of many of the jury were strongly evinced by their looks and manners; notwithstanding this, so inveterate were the prejudices of Lord Tenterden against the press, that he assiduously, or rather insidiously, strove to gain a verdict for the plaintiff. He astutely divided the case into two parts, the one specific, the other a question of degree—and concluded by saying, ‘Gentlemen, your verdict *must* be for the plaintiff; and it will then be for you to consider the amount of damages.’ Under this wretched thralldom, this absolute impossibility of a fair and equal justice (for even victory carried ruinous costs,) is it surprising that the press, in the hands of mercenary traders, should become pusillanimous, or even corrupt? But this is not the sort of evil under which the press now abounds. The day for Eldon-judges—high prerogative lawyers—Tory partisan judges, *fgone forever*, and, though the worse than Algerine laws of libel still disgrace the statute book, juries can no longer be packed, or frightened, as ‘*in the good old times*’

The taxes on knowledge still render the newspaper press corrupt, by closing the market against mere talent and principle, and by confining the proprietorship of papers to trading speculators, or joint stock companies.

It may be deemed partial and invidious, that I have illustrated this point by a reference to a few papers, when so many more ought in justice to share the obloquy. Who that now reads the *Times* could imagine that under the same proprietorship and editorship, it was high church, high prerogative, high Tory, and saturated with that doctrine of natural enmities with nations, which made it preach for a thirst of French blood, until the country was inoculated with the virus?

\* We will follow up this remark. Refer to the columns of the *Times* newspaper at the period when the Duke of Wellington was in Spain. It has truly been said, that his grace was as much indebted to the *Times* for his military greatness as to his own merits and good fortune. Why the *Times* advocated his support with such earnestness is best known to the Wellesley family and the proprietors of the newspaper. But did it not then advocate the lavish expenditure of those millions upon millions, to pay the interest of which we are now so oppressed in this unhappy country? Did it not then call upon the people, by all that was sacred, by all they loved, to support the Tory government in those dreadful expenses which have reduced the country to a state of impending bankrupt-

I have already pointed out the catalogue of one manufacturer, in which four papers are ‘get up’ of different principles. There is another gentleman in the market, of rather superior grade, who illustrates the same principle much more forcibly—I refer to Mr. Colburn, the late publisher. His *United Service Journal* has great merit, and it has never deviated from high Tory doctrines. The editor, a high-spirited officer, is consistent and honourable, and has insisted upon being, and has always been, ‘act Casar aut nullus.’ His next proprietorship is that of the *New Monthly*, whose opinions are almost Ultra-Radical. His *Sunday Times* is neither Tory nor Radical, but a sort of Whig publication. The *Literary Gazette*, of which he is part proprietor, is of the *trade* principles, which means, ‘no principle at all;’ and last, and least, the *Court Journal*, is of all principles, like Pope’s ‘smart free thinker;’ it is not ‘all things in an hour;’ it is a weather-cock in the change of parties—and those changes of late have been sudden and frequent.

Of the supposed connexion between the press, and the distributors of the loaves and fishes, it is useless to speak. Perry, when the Whigs came into power in 1806, obtained a place of about £800 a year in the Secretary of State’s office. He held it but for a short time. In 1805, ministers gave a place of £600 a year, to the son of Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the *Times*. An editor of a morning paper is chased every day with Lord Brougham, and it is said, with what truth I know not, that his brother, an attorney, is ‘well off’ in the new bankruptcy courts.

The market of the press is full of impostors and dupes. The proprietors, with a few exceptions, victimize the reporters, that they in turn fall a prey to the suppliers of miscellaneous intelligence. If a proprietor be grossly ignorant, and incapable by low habits, of forming any notions of respectable life, he is sure to have palmed off upon him all crude vulgarities and profligate exaggerations as the actual occurrences

ey? Now read the columns of the same paper, and behold it fanning up the revolutionary flame, because it considers that such is the feeling of the nation.—Nothing but out-and-out Radicalism will now please the *Times* because nothing else will please the majority of the people. Is it possible to imagine that the *Times*, which now advocates the strictest retrenchment, is the same paper that formerly called upon the people, with all the power of language, to expend millions, and which praised and supported a Tory government, which was so reckless of the public money!! The fact is, that the *Times* newspaper is without principle; it takes the public by the nose, and the public are fools enough to allow themselves to be so degraded. The tact of this paper is to find out the course public opinion is likely to take, and to follow that opinion, temporizing at first until it is sure of the direction in which the stream will flow, when it boldly dashes on in advance, and claims for itself the title of the great *leading*, when it is in fact only the great *following* journal of Europe. We will give one or two authenticated instances of the great tact displayed by this paper, which will at the same time expose the system. If Mr. Barnes cannot keep his own secrets, he cannot expect others to keep them for him.

At the time of the Catholic question assuming a more formidable position, it was a very difficult point to ascertain which side was to be taken by the *Times* newspaper, the public opinion being so much divided that it was impossible to discover which party would carry the day. The proprietors of the newspaper disagreed among themselves, some being for the question, others against it. They had a meeting, and after many pros and cons, it was at last decided that this grand question should, *pro tempore*, be discussed in the paper *only twice a week*. Soon after this arrangement, Mr. Barnes was despatched over to Ireland. His remarkable tact soon discovered that the question would eventually be carried, and he came back with the intelligence. It was then decided that the cause should be advocated, as every cause taken up by the *Times* invariably is, with all the power that they could command.

Again, at the period that the late Queen Caroline expressed her determination to throw herself and her cause upon the people of England, there was a strong doubt whether she was or was not to be supported by the *Times* newspaper. Mr. Barnes was again despatched to reconnoitre. On his arrival at Dover he found the feeling strong against the queen, and he wrote up to London, stating that it *would not do*, as he considered her cause as hopeless. He continued his journey to St. Omer, where he remained a short time. On his return he found that a re-action had taken place throughout the kingdom, and then he wrote up to espouse the cause of the queen. Then came out that grandiloquent, yet still magnificent appeal to the British nation in her behalf, which added such strength to her cause, and so materially assisted to overpower her enemies.

But we do not exactly find fault with this charlatanism, as the *Times*, like the *razors* in Peter Piendar, is got up to sell; but we do find great fault with one system of the *Times*, which is most unworthy—that of reporting anything, however false, knowing it to be false, to obtain any political end. They are aware that they may be forced to retract, but they are also aware that thousands who read the falsehood will never see the contradiction, and that the poison once circulated will have its effect. This is base and unmanly, and we prophesy will eventually prove the downfall of this widely circulated journal.—Note by Editor.

and confidential secrets of ministerial bureaux. I recollect two or three very striking illustrations of this fact

There was an editor of even the very first of our evening papers, who dealt and still deals in fashionable paragraphs and miscellaneous news. His tact pointed out the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* as his best dupe; but as the crude editor of the paper would detect his impositions, and resist his frauds, he levelled his battery against the *Observer* and *Englishman*, Sunday papers owned by the same proprietor, and edited by an illiterate printer.

Nothing gratifies this proprietor so much as to act the patron, not the *dulce decus et praesidium*, but the purse-proud patron of ‘the gentlemen of the press.’ This editor, or paragraph dealer, particularly on Saturday nights, when the *Observer* and *Englishman* were preparing for publication, used to address letters to this proprietor. They always had the *Esq.* in strong large letters, and three large *et ceteras*. In the corner they were invariably marked, ‘most secret and confidential’ in the true official style of great men, high in his majesty’s councils. These letters one and all, were nearly the same, and they ran in the following words; ‘My dear sir—I had the enclosed news about an hour ago, in strict confidence of secrecy, from one of the Lords of the Treasury, (or other lord as the case might be.) The intelligence is at your service exclusively for the *Observer*, and for *only half a sovereign*. I have the honour to be, my dear sir,’ &c. &c. Our proprietor used to waddle up stairs, elated with his good fortune, and give the news to his printer and editor, to insert in the *Observer*. One of the reporters once put the case to the proprietor. ‘This man,’ said the reporter, ‘speaks truth or falsehood.’ ‘I don’t see that,’ was the reply. ‘Never mind,’ replied the reporter. ‘It is possible, it may be, that he must speak truth or falsehood, as George III. said to Lord Westmoreland of Pitt and Fox, that when they directly contradict each other, one may be right and one may be wrong, but if they agree, they must be both wrong.’ The reporter proceeded in the form of the schools. ‘This fellow must write either truth or falsehood. If falsehood, discard him as a liar—if truth, discard him as a scoundrel—for what a rascal he must be to betray the confidence of his communicant, and that for the despotic bribe of *half a sovereign*.’ ‘I don’t see that at all,’ replied the proprietor. ‘But look at this *secret and confidential intelligence*. It is nothing but a paragraph from the *Times* of this morning, with a transposition of sentences, and a change of words for synonymous expressions.’ Such was often the fact, but it was in vain to argue: Mr. —— was elated at patronizing any man who kept company with a lord, and his *Fides Achates* pronounced the man a fair and useful person, adding, that he might send something better another time. The letters were always brought—the half-sovereign was honourably paid, and the intelligence from the Lord of the Treasury was honourably inserted in the *Observer* and *Englishman*.

It is this numerous class of news-mongers, or paragraph-mongers, patronized by the lower orders of the press, that pollute our papers with their base and unmanly attacks upon female character—such as the low and despotic libel in the *Court Journal* upon the Duchess of Richmond—libels most atrocious, because they destroy the peace of private families, and subject ladies to be talked of, in despite of the libeller being legally exposed in his falsehood, and punished for his guilt.

A laughable imposition was once played off upon Mr. Thwaites. A proprietor of a Sunday paper knew that Mr. Thwaites, a very honest man, was easily misled as to the characteristics of gentility; and he was likewise aware that Mr. Thwaites, of all things, valued every species of intelligence relating to titled and fashionable society. Any confidential communications relative to the arcana of boudoirs, saloons, or even of the nurseries of the aristocracy, were deemed invaluable for the *Morning Herald*. The proprietor of the Sunday paper forthwith passed himself off for a gentleman to Mr. Thwaites, and assured him that all his acquaintances were ‘lords and noblemen, and people of title.’ Mr. Thwaites immediately agreed to give him five guineas a week, for eight weeks, if he would supply him with plenty of news about ‘the lords and noblemen.’ The bargain was struck, and forthwith the *Morning Herald* surpassed all other papers in its profusion of original matter relating to fashionable life. Dinners, dances, dishes, liveries, gowns, tippets, even to shoe-strings, were described with all the ignorant affectation of French phraseology, so renowned in the *Court Journal*. It seemed as if the host of waiting maids, valets, and grooms, had forsaken their allegiance to the *Journal*, and had devoted all their talents and literature to the *Herald*. The eight weeks’ bargain would have been renewed, but for an unlucky dinner given by the Duke of —— in Piccadilly, and which was described in the *Herald* with such glowing pomp, with such exquisite research of fashionable phrase, and with so much of the minutiæ of patty-pans and small talk, that the *Court Journal* might have brought its action against the *Herald* for plagiarism and violation of copyright. In a few days Mr. Thwaites, to his horror, received a letter from the duke, which was nearly in the following words: ‘The Duke of —— presents his compliments to the editor of the *Morning Herald*, and begs to assure him that he has no objection to the editor’s putting off his dinners and parties in general, to any extent of newspaper tactics, but the duke cannot feel any obligation to the editor of the *Morning Herald* for having made him give a superb dinner party at his house in Piccadilly, on Wednesday last, when it is well known to all the duke’s friends, that he has been

## THE CONSTELLATION

at his seat in ——shire for the last six weeks, and during which time he has not even been near London.

The quilts upon the trellis parapet were soft down, compared to the hair upon Mr. Thwaites' head as he read this letter. He was a courageous man, and felt really hurt when he was betrayed into falsehood, however trivial. That night his Mœurs of fashion brought him another history of another damer, given by another duke, for it seemed as if a sudden craze for giving parties had seized upon the whole aristocracy.

"Pray, sir," said Mr. Thwaites, with his usual mildness, "where did you get that long account of the dinner given by the Duke of —— on Wednesday last, in his mansion in Finsbury?"

"O that—that dinner party—do you mean that dinner party?" replied the fair-faced Mercury, with his usual volubility. "Why, that account the duke gave me himself."

"The duke himself?"

"Yes, sir. My friend the duke, d'ye see, is a very vain—a weak, conceited fellow, though a devilish good fellow at bottom. Nothing pleases him so much as to appear in print. He is the happiest man in the world if his parties are puffed off in the newspapers. He gave me the account, and said, 'My dear ——, I know you are a literary man, and if you could get this inserted in one of the leading journals I shall be eternally obliged to you.' 'Nothing more easy,' my dear duke, I replied, so I took the manuscript, and merely corrected the grammar and spelling, and had it copied for the printers."

"That is very odd," rejoined Mr. Thwaites, with his immovable suavity, for only read this letter, and he handed him the duke's epistle. The fellow, nought abashed at the detection of his fraud, replied with his usual flippant nonchalance, "Well, if it was not the duke who gave me the account, it was some gentleman at the Club who personated him."

"Take this, sir," Mr. Thwaites replied with suppressed indignation, as he handed him a check for the forty guineas,—"take this, and never let me see you enter the office again." The rogue thanked him for the money, and wished him good night with perfect indifference and sang froid.—*Lond. Metrop. Mag.*

## THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1833.

CROKER'S BOSWELL'S JOHNSON, 2 vols. Geo. Dearborn, New York.—It was with much pleasure we noticed a few weeks back a splendid copy of Byron, published by Mr. Dearborn; this gentleman has now issued his edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," with the valuable notes, illustrations and addenda of Mr. Croker. It would be needless for us to enter into a discussion of the merits of a work which has ever been considered as embracing every variety of literary and historical information during the life of the extraordinary man whose name it bears.

Such has been the diligence of Mr. Croker, that, forming his biography on the basis of Malone's edition, he has incorporated the substance, and in some instances the copy verbatim, of no less than seventeen works, from the pens of Mrs. Piozzi, Miss Boothby, Arthur Murphy, Sir J. Hawkins, and other friends and memorialists of Johnson.

The typography is beautifully executed in double columns, and the volumes are embellished with portraits of Johnson and Mrs. Piozzi, from the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a "pencil sketch" of Boswell—from the original by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, though "bordering on caricature," has been considered "so evidently characteristic and so identically like," that Mr. Croker judged it would be "acceptable as a lively illustration of both the mind and manners" of the biographer.

From a notice attached to these volumes, we learn the same publisher is preparing a series of works to be entitled "The Library of Standard Literature." The volumes now in progress are the writings of Burke, which will be followed by those of McKenzie, Lady Montague, Butler, Sully, &c. \*

CAESAR'S COMMENTARIES.—These volumes constitute the 6th and 7th numbers of Harper's Classical Family Library. The translation is from the pen of Professor Duncan of the University of Aberdeen. In addition to the Commentaries, these volumes comprise an excellent biographical sketch of Caesar, and the Supplements of Hirtius. We are bold to say that there are few who have read "Caesar" in the original text, but will consider this translation a valuable addition to Harper's Classical Library. The first volume is embellished with a spirited bust of Caesar from the *burin* of Gimber and Dick.

FRANCIS THE FIRST.—The sixth edition of this admired Tragedy has just been issued by Peabody & Co. In addition to the Tragedy, we are presented in this volume with a variety of Poetical pieces, an original memoir, and a full length portrait of the accomplished Author and Actress.

This work has already received our meed of praise, we add our satisfaction with the present edition, which is got up in a style of elegance equal to many of our annuals, and reflects much credit upon the publishers.

CORBETT'S COTTAGE ECONOMY AND POOR MAN'S FRIEND.—A very neat pocket volume of this excellent work has been published by Mr. John Doyle. It abounds with sound practical information, and is written in that plain but comprehensive style which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the author.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Mr. Hewitt, 137 Broadway, some musical pieces which he has just published—among them are "The Minstrel to his Harp," composed by W. Kirby, and "The Hunter Boy," words and music by WILLIAM BALL—these are embellished with two handsome lithographic sketches by Pendleton. The whole is beautifully engraved, perhaps superior to any we have yet seen. In addition to these are—The Amelia Waltz—The Louisville March—The Banks of Allan Water—The Misseltoe Bough, as sung by SINCLAIR—a Romanza by Couzens—Marek's Grand Polonaise, &c. &c. \*

ESQUIREING.  
"Stuck round with miles?"  
POPE.

SIR.—Going a few days since to the post office in our town to get my newspaper, I was informed by the postmaster that there was also a letter for me; and he handed me one which, on reading the superscription, I perceived was directed to Andrew Hawbuck, Esq.

"This can't be for me," said I—"It is directed to one Square Hawbuck. So I handed it back, and was about going away, when the postmaster called me back, and insisted upon my taking the letter and paying the postage, which was one-and-sixpence.

"Would you have me take another man's letter?" said I. "You can see as well as I it's not for me. My name is plain Andrew Hawbuck. I never was *Squired* in my life, and never desire to be. They did once talk of making me a Justice of Peace, but I was off—I wouldn't accept. No, Mr. Postmaster, that letter must be for some other man, and I've no idea of burning my fingers by breaking open another man's letter."

"But there's no other man of your name in town," said he, "therefore it must be for you; so you needn't be under any apprehensions about breaking open another man's letter. At all events I'll stand in the gap and save you from all harm."

In a word, he urged me so much that I paid for the letter, and broke the seal. I found it was in reality for me, and that it came from a printer, urging me to pay for a newspaper which I had paid for six months before; but the money, I suppose, owing to some fault in the post-office, never got as far as New York. This was certainly a great vexation, to be dunned for money I had already paid—but nothing to that being called *Esquire*.

I showed the letter to my wife, and, would you think it? she was in raptures at the new title I had got, declaring she would very willingly pay for the newspaper over again, for the sake of having me called *Esquire*. She thought I deserved it as well as some of the rest of my neighbors.

I threw the letter in the fire, and called her an old fool, for being pleased with a silly, empty, unmeaning title. "If it meant any thing," said I, "it wouldn't be stuck on to every body's name; and if it doesn't mean any thing, why, then 'tisn't worth having."

In England, I understand, the title of *Esquire* is given to every man that has a landed income of £200 a year; and in this country I can recollect when it was only attached to lawyers and justices of peace.

It had some meaning then. But now it is given to Tom, Dick, and Harry, and there's no meaning to it. Every whippersnapper is called *Esquire*. There's Tom Jones, the tinker, Esq.; Peter Grievous, the grave-digger, Esq.; Daniel Huggins, the ditcher, Esq.; Simon Snapdragou, the horse-doctor, Esq.; Patrick Mulligan, the pedlar, Esq.; and Samuel Scrapper, the scavenger, Esq.

In short, there is no end to *Esq.*'s now-a-days. Every body is *Esq.*, if you may judge from the superscriptions of letters. There cannot be less than two or three million of *Esq.*'s in the United States. What are British titles, or French titles, or Spanish titles, compared with all these? To be sure, your Dukes, your Marquises, your Earls, your Viscounts, your Barons, your Dons, and other high titles in Europe, sound more loftily than the humble title of *Esq.*; and confer more honor on the possessor. But then all this difference is more than made up in the everlasting number of *Esq.*'s we have in this plain, simple, republican country.

Now, for my part, I am neither more nor less than a plain farmer, and I hope an honest one. I make it a rule never to say what I do not mean, and I wish others to do the same by me. It is the only correct grammar as I take it. I do not desire to be *Esquired*, nor addressed by any title that does not belong to me. It is dishonest, and a great impropriety of speech.

There is my neighbor Jenkins, we always call him Lieutenant Jenkins. It's a name he's gone by these fifty years; and it's all right enough, for he was a lieutenant in the old Revolutionary army. And then again, there's my neighbor Winrow, we always call him Corporal Winrow; and it's all perfectly right, for he likewise fought the British in the Revolution, and did something to earn the title of corporal, which was conferred on the spot. And so of a great many others of the heroes of those times that tried men's souls. They came honestly by their titles.

But this tacking *Esq.* to every body's name I do think is most ridiculous and contemptible. I would sooner be a puppy and have a tin kettle tied to my tail, than to have that tacked to me which is tacked to every two-legged puppy in the country.

In fine, I have written to the editor, who tacked *Esq.* to my name, to have my paper stopped. I will not encourage a man, who attempts (as we say in the country) to "rub me down with soft soap;" and I would have this a warning to all editors, not to do the like again.

Now, Sir, please send me your paper; but recollect, if you ever presume to *Esq.* me, that moment I stop your paper. With this rod in pickle, I subscribe myself,

ANDREW HAWBUCK,  
and no *Esq.*  
Applebury, March 27, 1833.

## DUTCH CLOCKS.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, who has travelled in Holland, relates an amusing fact, which I do not recollect to have seen in any of the published accounts of travels in that country. It is this, namely, that the town, or church clocks, in Rotterdam, and other cities, are required by law to be set to a different time in different parts of the city. For instance, at the east end it shall be twelve o'clock some fifteen minutes sooner than at the west, the intermediate chronometers being regularly graduated between.

This, I understand, is to prevent them from all speaking at once, and thereby to avoid a confusion of tongues. Thus they tell different stories of the time, and even the Saints are made to contradict one another. For, while by St. Paul's it shall be fully twelve o'clock, by St. Peter's it shall be only three-quarters past eleven; while St. John, St. Mark, St. Bartholomew and St. Nicholas shall tell a different story from both.

The private clocks and watches are of course graduated according to the quarter of the city in which their owners chance to reside, or according to the church to which they appertain; and a citizen at the east end shall be actually smoking his pipe, while at the west is still engaged in eating his dinner; and the former shall be putting on his night-cap, while the latter is merely toasting his feet.

A stranger, passing through one of the Dutch cities, and unacquainted with the municipal regulations in regard to clocks, would be apt to conclude there was little harmony, in Holland, among the Saints, when they tell such different stories; or else that Father Time was a great laggard, in that country, when it takes him a quarter of an hour to travel from one end of a moderate sized city to the other. But herein he would find himself mistaken; and becoming better acquainted with the regulations of the place, he would acquit the Saints of all intentional discord, would withdraw his charges against Father Time, and set down the disagreement of the chronometers solely as the effect of Dutch wisdom. G.

## THE DRAMA.

PARK.—On the evening of the 24th the opera of the *Marriage of Figaro* presented an additional attraction by the return of Miss Hughes, who personated *Suzanne*; Mr. Reynoldson was the *Figaro*, and sang well. Mrs. Austin resumed her part of the *Countess*, but we are sorry to say she was not so happy in her execution of the music—particularly in the "letter-duty"—this should not be. We are always pained in noticing "inaccuracies" of this nature, and we feel assured that the good sense of the lady in question will in future prevent the necessity for a repetition of them.

Miss Hughes was well received, and the audience pointedly testified their sense of this lady's attention, not only to the music, but to the character generally.

The *enfant rouge*, Cherubino, was admirably played by Clara Fisher, and the part of the Count sustained by Mr. Mason, with "good emphasis and discretion." Mr. Mason always plays well—("the Kembles' blood doth ever show in him")—but the Count Almaviva of the composer is a *singer*; and as Mr. Horn is now in the city, we were much disappointed to find the part was to be *spoken* only.

On Tuesday Mr. and Miss Kemble drew a crowded and brilliant house to witness their return in *Fazio*, in which piece they played with increased success. Of Mrs. Sharpe, we must say this lady never played better—if so well, as on Tuesday evening. \*

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the "Grand Exhibition Ball" which will be held at the City Saloon on Wednesday, the 3d of April, when the admirers of the Terpsichorean art will be gratified with an extensive display of this elegant accomplishment under the management of Mrs. True. (see advt.)

To CORRESPONDENTS.—We perfectly agree with "Despair" that he has "sacrificed to foolishness and nonsense," and that in his present state he is incompetent to present his "views and feelings in any (rational) order."

## DOGGERY'S NOTE BOOK.

CANINE SUCCUBUS.—Edward Buckle was summoned before the commissioners of the Court of Requests for the price of a fine poodle dog.

The plaintiff stated that he had given into the care of the defendant, who is a dog-doctor and fancier, a very beautiful poodle, for the purpose of making him "frost-proof." In about a fortnight news was brought to him that "Prince" was dying, and upon inquiry he ascertained that the poor animal had been harnessed between two great mastiffs to a *casement wagon*, and had sunk under such severe toil. The dog had cost him a guinea, and was in perfect health when it was put into the hands of the defendant, from whom he now sought that amount, and the expenses of the proceeding.

The defendant said that the dog was in a "galloping consumption" when it came to him, and he did not like the company of mastiffs, and that, for the purpose of curing it of a "violent cough, he tackled him to the wagon between the other animals, who was very good natur'd, though they wasn't the same breed, howsomever" (laughter).

Plaintiff.—They worried the poor brute in a shocking manner.

Defendant.—It's no sich thing; I've used them to keep company with all sorts, and they never falls out with none on 'em. They cures the sick haminals by rubbing them into a sweat as they toddles along with the meat (laughter).

Commissioner.—I suppose you cure upon Dr. Long's principle of scrubbing?

Defendant.—I never know'd it to fail yet, barin' the haminal was too far advanced in a hinside mortification, and there is nothing we've found out yet as will serve a dog out with a new lot of bowels, nor a man neither (laughter).

Plaintiff.—The poor dog was in such a condition that I didn't know him. I understand that he would lie down with fatigue in the street, and the other dogs used to drag him along through the mud.

Defendant.—There's nothing serves a dog better nor a tumble in the mud; it takes away all the foolish tenderness out of him. Besides, I told the gentleman afore I took the dog, that I thought he was a-going bang into the other world.

John Mickles (defendant's feeder) swore that his master cured more dogs than any other man, by the simple process of working them into "passparations" between his two mastiffs. The mastiffs understood their business perfectly well, and what they had to cure in every sick un; they good slow, and he was blowed if they didn't behave themselves to the poor animal as was dead and gone like a brother, though 'twas moral impossible they could a come of the same father and mother (great laughing).

The plaintiff insisted that his dog died of cruel treatment.

Defendant.—Open the haminal! Inotomise his body, and you'll see which on speaks the truth.

The Feeder.—The dog as comed to us for to be cured vant fit for no hardship; but, howsomever, master can sweat the most delicate of 'em all till they'd eat any thing. Now this here dog as died was a poor, unsatisfactory, haggravating sort of a haminal as could be brought for to eat no wittles, and every body knows none on us can live upon hair! (loud laughter).

The Commissioners said that they could not decide against the defendant. It appeared that the plaintiff was aware of the doctor's practice, and no proof had been given that any unusual severity had been exercised.

A PRIME FIT.—Mr. Mendoza, of Rosemary-lane, appeared to answer the complaint of a young man named Clinch.

By the solicitation of the Barker to Moses, the complainant was, according to his own account, "per-walled" upon to purchase a fashionable cut coat, with "welwet" collar, and the cuffs also lined with "welwet," a "wesket" to match, and a pair of "kassomer" unmentionables, to complete a "Sunday-going turnout;" all of which the Jew carefully tied up in a hand-kerchief, as the complainant thought, and delivered over to him, declaring he had "cot a pargin." When Clench got home, however, he discovered the coat had been changed. He went to Moses, but he offered to swear any thing, and any where, that the coat

was the same which had been selected. The Magistrate was consequently applied to, and Moses persisted in declaring it was the same coat, and wished every body was as honest as he was.

The Alderman desired the complainant to put the coat on, on which he contrived to squeeze his body into it, but cut so ludicrous a figure that the gravity of the Bench could not be preserved.

Notwithstanding the disproportion of the coat and the wearer, the 'barker' persisted in pronouncing it a 'prime fit,' and that it was the one originally purchased; 'for (said Moses) I'm so werry particular in my business, that when a gentleman wants a hartie I always asks him for a handkerchief to wrap it up in, as there should be no mistake. I have been 18 years in the same spot, and never knew what it was to have nothing again me; and when the gentleman came and accused me wilfully of changing the coat, my feelings were so much hurt that I told him I would not give no recompense.'

The Magistrate recommended Mr. Moses, for the credit of his shop, to change the coat.

The 'barker' said, 'Well, your Worship, on your account, and only to oblige your Worship, I will change the coat.'

With this promise the case was dismissed.

We have been much pleased with the following anecdote, which we present to our readers; and as our maxim has ever been to render credit where credit is due, we beg to inform all our contemporaries that we are indebted for this article to the columns of the *Barnstable Journal*.

**ON JOKING.**—An Englishman and an American were lately travelling together between two of our large cities. The former was a man of honest disposition, well informed in many matters, and possessing a very good opinion of himself. The American was frank, conversable, not easily offended, and very well disposed to be amused with the other in all his humours.

The Englishman, although sufficiently liberal, had not yet an acquaintance with the different shades of character, and the peculiarities which distinguish our citizens from his own countrymen, and very broadly denounced our 'common people' as 'insufferably insolent.' The American laughed, and told him he thought they were particularly civil, but that perhaps the *mergers* of the two nations towards persons in different conditions of life were not similar, and might lead to occasional misunderstanding. But the Englishman declared that 'you could not be free with the common people without being insulted, and if you held yourself aloof from them, you were neglected.' The American told him he should try 'native.' On arriving at a tavern they decided to prove the hostler, who was a plain looking man; and after taking some refreshment, the American, in a pleasant and easy tone of voice, said to him, 'Colonel, did you give the horses any water?' 'No, I didn't, Captain.' 'Then I'll thank you to give them a little,' said he. 'I'll do that directly,' answered the ostler, cheerfully taking up his bucket.

The Englishman, hearing these titles used so coolly by both parties, and having heard of the appointment of strange persons to office in the United States, swallowed the joke, which was well understood between the others, although perfect strangers—and putting on a look amusingly combined of awkwardness, ridicule, and formality, inquired of the hostler 'how many men he mustered in his regiment?' when the hostler, looking at him with astonishment and firmness, gruffly replied, 'I'm no more a Colonel than you are, sir;' but readily joined in the laugh, which convulsed the Englishman's companion—who afterwards remarked to him, 'When you unbend with a poor fellow, do so thoroughly: Jonathan likes a joke, but can't bear ridicule.'

#### GLEANINGS.

**KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.**—Several of the Knights Templars have been seen walking in the streets of Paris, with their white mantles, ornamented with a red cross.

**NEW VEGETABLE.**—A plant, called the *Oxalis Creata*, has lately been introduced into England from South America, and is likely to be extensively cultivated, as decidedly preferable to the common potato.

**JAMES BALLANTYNE.**—This gentleman, the friend of Scott—the printer of his works—one of the chosen few to whom the Waverley secret was confided from the beginning—and from whose able pen were expected some interesting additions to the biography of the Great Master,—has survived him but a brief space. He died at Edinburgh on the 17th January, rather unexpectedly, though for several months past his health had been very delicate.

**NANKEEN, OR NANKING.**—This article of commerce takes its name from Nanking, in China, where the reddish-yellow thread of which the stuff is made was originally spun. In England we erroneously apply the term "nankeen" to one color; in the East In-

dies vast quantities of white, pink, and yellow nankeens are made.—*Mirror*.

**THE WEEPING WILLOW.**—If you ask me to point out one tree more graceful than all the others, I would point out the Weeping Willow. Its long silk-like boughs droop not less pensively than the eye-lids of some sleeping beauty; and when the air stirs them, what a delicious motion waves among them!—where is the painter that can impart such a motion to his canvass?—where the poet, whose strains have such music in them as that which lives in the weeping willow? Where throughout all the works of nature, is any object more beautiful than this?

**AN EWASIVE ANSWER.**—'Well, Mr. M.' asked an acquaintance of a celebrated horse-dealer, who was leaving Long Pole Wellesley the other day, 'have you been paid your bill?' 'No,' replied the hero of the manger, 'I always gets an ewasive answer, when I axcs for it.' 'What was his excuse to-day?' asked the inquirer. 'Vy, he said he'd see me hung first,' replied M.—*Lond. pap.*

**HYDRO-PYRIC.**—An Irish orator recently concluded a magniloquent speech on the advantages of reform, with the following beautiful specimen of the broken metaphor: 'In short, reform,' said the learned gentleman, 'is the flood which will blaze through every part of the kingdom.'

**LONDON ENGINE ESTABLISHMENT.**—At a late fire in the metropolis, this company appeared for the first time. They are a kind of fire police, and may be compared to the *Pompiers de Paris*. Their dress is a blue uniform, bound with red; each man is numbered, and the head is covered with a black iron helmet. They appeared to be a very efficient and imposing force.

**NEWSPAPERS.**—*N. Y. Daily Sentinel vs. Lee, Powell & Co.*—In this case, just decided, the principle was confirmed, that persons receiving a newspaper, without ordering it discontinued, are liable in all cases for the payment of the same.

#### MR. BANIM.

We recur to the melancholy subject of Mr. Banim, whose case appears to us—we say it unaffectedly—to constitute as strong an appeal to the enlightened and benevolent as it has ever been our lot to recommend to their compassion. The subjoined extract of a letter from Mr. Banim to a person of distinguished station and merit, will explain some facts connected with his deplorable condition, and will demonstrate how far he is from having himself contributed to his affecting fate by any reprehensible or even injudicious conduct. His has been a life of industry, and of humble domestic virtue. There is in this afflicted son of genius no offence that smells rank to heaven." There is nothing to lament but his unforeseen—and save that we are all sinners—his undeserved misfortunes. We owe it to Mr. Banim to announce, that in the very letter of which of which we now present the extract, he asks relief but as a loan, and proffers what there is reason to suppose would be a valid security for its repayment. Should the sum required be immediately raised by subscription, which we hope and trust it will be, the terms of this proposal of repayment shall be made known to the subscribers, as Mr. Banim has himself communicated them. Until then, in the exercise of what we deem a sound discretion, his friends are desirous to withhold it. A committee is forming, and in two or three days, the names composing it may be made public, when all inquiries on the subject of Mr. Banim will be fully satisfied.

"Nov. 28, 1832.

**SIR**—Your generous letter to me on a former occasion is my sole inducement to address you now upon, literally, the question of my life or death.

Friends, among whom were my physicians, have kindly suggested some such application as the present on their own part; but there are certain avowals which I prefer making in my own person.

When I had last the honour of writing to you, I was engaged in two works, from which I had been promised results sufficient to re-establish my independence: on a novel, 'The Dwarf Bride'; the other a drama, 'The Conscript's Sister.' When the first was nearly completed, my publisher, Mr. Cochrane, Waterloo-place, became a bankrupt, and legal advice induced me to lay it by, and begin three other volumes; of these I finished two (one tale in two volumes), and was proceeding with the third volume, when I took the cholera, and had a relapse.

The consequent loss of time and increased expense pressed me to dispose of those two volumes. No regular novel publisher would treat for less than three volumes, and I was glad to dispose to Mr. Leitch Ritchie, for his forthcoming 'Library of Romance,' the tale in question, at a very low rate; meantime, my 'Conscript Sister' ran at the English Opera every night till the close of the season; but, owing to the necessities of the manager, brought me nothing. I then set to work on other things, until struck down in such a manner that my medical advisers interdicted mental exertion for some time, at the peril of loss of life (I refer to their certificates), though with very good hopes, that if allowed rest, freedom from troubles, and change of climate, I should rally and be able to go on. The malady which now so sorely afflicts me has been creeping on me for the last ten years, ever since I was 23, (I am not yet 34)—the result of too much labour. In truth, of more than 20 known

volumes I have written, and of triple their quantity of matter in periodicals, within the ten years alluded to, no three pages have been penned free of bodily torture; which at last ends in depriving me (temporarily, my physicians say, should this application succeed) of the use of my limbs and brains.

Under these circumstances, with their inevitable consequences, not only want of present and future funds, but heavy debts incurred through sheer necessity, my literary friends, French and English, advise me to solicit temporary aid from those favored individuals of my country who are known (as you are) for literary eminence, or as adults and patrons of literature, and to whom, at the same time, it has pleased God to afford the means (without inconveniencing themselves) of saving for his family the life of a man who is considered, by, perhaps, too partial friends, to have some claims on the national sympathy and protection. The grounds assumed by these friends to justify so flattering an expectation are as follows:

The circulation of my books through the United Kingdom; their reprinting in America; their having been translated into French and German; and their uniform political tendency, viz. the formation of a good and affectionate feeling between England and Ireland. In my own name I add, that until the hand of Heaven visited me, I am conscious of having passed from early youth, a life of industry, always with a view to independence. For instance (and I quote facts easily ascertainable), that at 17 I obtained the first prize as the first draughtsman in the Dublin Academy of Arts; and at 19 I wrote into wide circulation a Whig Journal (the *Leinster Journal*) in my native city, Killenny; that at 21 I received a vote of thanks from a general meeting of the artists of Ireland, for my advocacy with the Irish Government of their demands for an incorporated academy which they now possess; that at 22 I produced a successful tragedy, *Damon and Pythias*, at Covent-garden; that at 25 I was known at least as a national novelist, even though of an humble order, to European literature; and that since that period I have written twenty successful novels, and five successful dramas. And I trust respectfully that you will not consider this mere idle boast, but rather as a proof of my deep and conscientious anxiety to show that no habitual want of the pride of independence forces me now before you.

My friends suggest to me to add, that they consider me called on to make known my position, in order to afford to the affluent protectors of literature the opportunity of saving me from death, in poverty, and from the misfortune of not having known in time how much might have been accomplished for my family and myself by a prompt appeal to their generosity.

It becomes necessary to explain within what time my urgent necessities require effectual relief. During the two years and a half of, I trust, unmerited disappointments, I am in debt 400*£*; this I must settle before Christmas, or in my present state of health, go to prison. A further sum will be required for traveling hence, and living two years in a favorable climate, every step increasing the expenses of an helpless invalid; but this latter sum would not be absolutely necessary till early next spring, before which time I am not advised to leave Boulogne. For immediate necessities Mrs. Banim would now thankfully accept a part of the first-named sum, as she leaves home without a franc in the house, and borrowing the money for her journey. And now, Sir, in conclusion, if I have not minutely described my melancholy feelings on this occasion, or sufficiently expressed my sense of the very great trouble to which I expose you by this application, believe me it is not for a want of understanding my own position, or of duly estimating yours.

I have the honor to be, &c.

(London Times.)

JOHN BANIM.

**LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.**—Inclined to subserve the objects of author, publisher and reader, we copy the following advertisement, which appears as "a Poet's Card," in the daily papers:

**AFARA** is almost finished—the Harpers don't like to undertake the publication without knowing whether it will sell or not. 'Tis not worth my while to pay away any more money on a subject about which I care so little as seeing my poetry in print—but I will do this—the price of the volume is \$3. Those who choose to deposit that amount with the Harpers can have one of the books on the 19th April. The contents of the book:—Leaves from my own life; Robert Emmet, the Irish Patriot, a poem of 1000 lines; Little Addy; A whip for Wall-street, a satire; Something for my old sweethearts who have got married and left poor me in the lurch; the Belles of Broadway; Lines on the Death of Mrs. —, who bore a striking resemblance to my mother; The way for young ladies to get good husbands and old bachelors tolerable wives, and other subjects not worth while mentioning. I have hit on this plan of publication for this reason—I want to know the number of fellows who are really my friends—I mean to have their names with as many ladies as choose to subscribe also, at the butt end of my book, and mean to make all the gentler portion of my well-wishers stick to their bargain.

The book is illustrated with the following copper-plate engravings from the office of A. B. Durand:—A sketch of the writer's head, by Durand; A head of Robert Emmet, taken from the best likeness within the reach of the author; A sketch of the last interview of Mr. Emmet and Miss Curran; Head of Lord Byron; Sketch of the Head of Addis Emmet, and a View of the Emmet Monument in St. Paul's Church Yard; View of our Old House, New London, Connecticut; A Rural Scene in Canterbury, Connecticut;

Love Scene with Little Addy and myself; A Cow-skin for the Corporation; Dust in Broadway; Opening of Trinity Church Yard—lookout gentlemen; A word for Bulwer Bill—Love in—but this is enough for the money. Title page—the name written in skeleton bones, wanting moon, ship sinking in a storm, and perhaps a sketch or two more illustrating other portions of the volume.

St. Patrick's Day, March 18, 1833.

**The Pic Nic.**—An elegant entertainment was given yesterday, by a number of the citizens of Charleston, under the patronage of the ladies, in honor of the Military and Naval Officers on this station, at Belvidere, a beautiful country seat or villa, on Cooper River, about three miles from the city, formerly the residence of the late Col. Shubrick, and now in the occupation of Dr. Joseph Johnson, who politely tendered it for the occasion.

The company began to assemble about 12th o'clock, and had generally arrived by 2 o'clock, P. M. The greater proportion of the company were conveyed in carriages, but many of them on board the United States steam boat, which conveyed their military and naval guests to the festive scene. The number who who partook of the fete, was estimated at about 1200. Among the guests were Major General Scott, Col. Bankhead, and Major Hutchison, of the Army, and Commodore Elliott, Capt. Zutzing, and Capt. Mervine, of the Navy. The spectacle was one of uncommon interest and attraction—where beauty and fashion, elegance and taste presided, and paid a grateful tribute to valor and worth.

The splendid mansion at Belvidere was thrown open for the reception of the throng, and its spacious rooms were decorated for the occasion, with various national and other flags, tastefully interspersed with wreaths of evergreens and flowers. Marquees were placed at intervals about the grounds, whence the bugle occasionally sent forth its martial and spirit stirring notes. The repast, composed of rich viands and choice wines, was served up under a canopy partially formed by the wide spread branches of encloping oaks. Bands of martial and other music were in attendance, and dancing, both in the house and on the lawn in front of the mansion, was kept up throughout the day. The ladies promenading through the broad avenues and adjacent grounds, gave them quite a picturesque and animated appearance. Towards evening a fancy lottery was drawn, in which the ladies alone were allowed to be competitors, and which, in its capricious distribution of prizes, constituted a source of much amusement. During the day the U. S. schooner Experiment, handsomely decorated with national flags and signals, was anchored in the river, immediately opposite the villa. The day, although at first cloudy and threatening, turned out very pleasant, and was occasionally enlivened with sunshine.—The company broke up late in the evening, having passed a day of social enjoyment and unalloyed festivity.—Charleston Cour. March 8.

**London Grand Cemetery.**—The latest notice we have seen of this project, is annexed: "It appears that the General Cemetery Joint Stock Company of London have nearly finished their labours; and a grand Cemetery, something upon the plan of Pere la Chaise of Paris, has been laid out and completed. The great and prevailing objection to this magnificent work, is that it is to be confined to the English Church, and that the grounds cannot be occupied by dissenters, unless they incur the usual expense chargeable by the Churches. The Morning Advertiser, in reporting the proceedings had at the Consecration, says: In the announcement of the original plan, it was stated to be the intention to establish a General Cemetery, upon a scale of grandeur after the manner of Pere la Chaise at Paris, which would, at the same time, afford to those of the humbler classes an opportunity of possessing vaults on economical terms. Artists have been employed in competition in models, plans, and designs for ornamenting and laying out the grounds, and a premium of £100 has been awarded to one artist for the plan of a magnificent chapel. The company selected for their purpose upwards of sixty acres of land, situated at Kensal-green, about two miles beyond Paddington Church, on the Harrow-road. Upwards of forty acres of the ground had been closed with a sufficient wall, serpentine walks laid out, shrubbery and trees planted, and other matters put into operation towards completing the grand design; but the Bishop of London had refused to consecrate the ground because there was no chapel erected wherein the service might be read when required. To obviate this, a small building was erected to answer, *ad interim*, the purpose of a chapel, and the Bishop then gave his sanction, to the sacred ceremony being performed. There were not many persons present yesterday to witness the consecration.

If the models of different descriptions of monumental structures, mausoleums, and other ornamental buildings which have been forwarded to the Company be introduced, it will be a splendid place. There are a number of acres, the property of the company, excluded from the present enclosure, which are intersected by the Paddington Canal; and part of the proposed arrangement was to provide a barge for the conveyance of funerals by water carriage. There are already completed several hundred vaults, any of which may be occupied in the course of a few days.—Mer. Adt.

The Albany Argus mentions that the Governor has appointed Benjamin F. Butler, Peter A. Jay and Henry Seymour, Commissioners on the part of this State, to adjust the boundary and jurisdiction between New York and New Jersey.

## THE CONTELLATION

M. PEYRONNET.

*From M. L'Admiral's Book of the Hour.*

The little town of Hain, which I had an opportunity of seeing next day, as I again went to get my permission, countersigned by the minister of police, is surrounded by hedges, and is built on a sort of ground more elevated than that around it. This a fortified town, it became in 1815 the prison of the brave Marshal Moncey, who refused to become one of Marshal Ney's judges. It has three gates, the Porte Noyon, the Porte St. Quentin, and the Porte du Père. I hastened to the Castle, which I was anxious to examine before I was admitted to the illustrious prisoner. I was aghast to get my permission counter-signed by the Commandant Delpire, who said to me: 'You, no doubt, thought I was upon my trial, Sir, when you left Paris, where the public journals treat with accounts of the pretended escape of Prince Polignac! I replied, that if the fact had seemed to me possible at Paris, it appeared to me impossible now I was at Hain.'

The Commandant Delpire is more of a prisoner than the prisoners themselves. Unable for a moment to quit his military station, he obligingly gave me a guide to show me the castle and the tower of the Constable Saint-Pol. It was M. Renard who acted as my cicerone. He carried with him two lanterns to enable me to view the curiosities of this dreary structure; and I cannot bear witness to the accuracy of Count Peyronnet's description of the tower, although the Count had never seen it. On reaching the summit, I perceived that workmen were employed in strengthening the fortifications of the castle; and I ascertained that the platform upon which the prisoners walk is sixty feet above the level of the soil. M. Renard pointed out to me the apartment inhabited by Captain Caumaraix, who commanded the *Medusa* frigate, and who expired in this castle the loss of his ship and part of her crew. From this spot I could see a guard house newly erected on the further bank of the canal of Picardy, for the purpose, I suppose, of observing the prisoners when they walked upon the platform.

Twelve had scarcely done striking ere I had entered the prison. I found the Count rather unwell, from a cold he had caught during the night. I expressed my surprise at a complaint rather extraordinary, I should have thought, from his mode of life. 'I have been imprudent, my dear Sir,' he replied; 'I seldom go out, as you know; but last night I took a fancy to see the new opera, and I came home rather later than usual.'

'Alas!' Monsieur le Comte,' I exclaimed, 'where do you find courage to make a jest of misfortunes like yours?'

I confess that in the hope of completing the materials of contemporary history, which I have long been collecting, I was anxious to ascertain the circumstances which brought the Count into office a second time. Since I had been able to appreciate his mind, the solution of this question seemed to me more imperiously necessary. It was a fatality for which I could not account, and I wanted to understand how such intellectual superiority could be allied to so unaccountable a want of foresight. The information which I received from his lips, and which he has now no motive for concealing, (for if he had, it may naturally be supposed that it would not appear here,) I shall now give it with the strictest fidelity, though divested of the charm it will have when stated in his own powerful language. What I here write is nothing more than the notes which I made on leaving him, in the same rude state as they were first penned. Were I to attempt to imitate Count Peyronnet's language, I should be fearful of diminishing its effect; and he who has heard the Count must have no small share of vanity to attempt to write as he speaks.

The Marquis de D—— had for several days been negotiating the Count's return to office. The negotiation was nearly brought to a close, when one day Prince Polignac, being more freely communicative than usual, announced certain political combinations which had never before been brought upon the tapis. In consequence of this, the Prince could only obtain from the Count a promise not to be hostile to his administration, but at the same time a decided refusal to become a member of it. He took leave of the Prince, whom he informed that he intended to leave Paris the next day with his daughter for Montferrand, where he should remain until the opening of the session. The Prince then said—

'I forgot to tell you, Monsieur le Comte, that the King expects you at five this evening.'

'I cannot possibly wait upon his Majesty,' the Count replied, 'for the hour is past, and this is no doubt the best excuse I could offer.' Two hours after, the Count received a note from the Prince, who explicitly abandoned his projected combinations, and in the course of the evening another note from the King, requesting his immediate attendance at St. Cloud. He obeyed—and his destiny was sealed.

This topic led us to the events of July; and the Count informed me that on the 30th he left Trianon with a gentleman of the bed-chamber, in one of the King's carriages, to go to Rambouillet; that on his arrival there, he refused to enter the palace, but continued his journey on foot, in dress shoes and silk stockings, with the resolution of going to Chartres and waiting for the King, who, according to report, was to go there with the army.

'Can you not imagine,' he said, 'my agony when I found myself alone, in the middle of the night, seated under a tree, a prey to the most painful reflections?'

Yes! I could readily imagine the feelings which must have oppressed such a traveller, wandering at

night on foot with a staff in his hand; he who, his days before, had been the most able minister or one of the most powerful monarchs in Europe.

'It was not only that,' he continued, replying with a smile to my thoughts, which I had not uttered; 'but long, as you may well suppose, a little absent, I took the road, and after wandering two leagues and a half out of my way, found myself, at daybreak, no further than Maintenon, where I felt it necessary to rest a little, whilst I waited for news of the army. After waiting a long time, I knew not whether it were an illusion or a dream, but I fancied I heard the sound of trumpets, sometimes distinctly audible, and then it would cease, which I attributed to the inequalities of the road. I at length heard it no more, and with it went my hopes of seeing the vanguard arrive. I then resumed my staff and my journey, in order to reach the Prefecture of Chartres at an early hour.'

The Prefect was, however, gone; an insurrection had overthrown the white flag; and the Count found the monarchy of Charles X. dead at Chartres as it was at Paris.

Thus was the last hope destroyed, which had kept up his spirits till then. 'One step more,' he said, 'a single step, and I should have fallen to the ground.'

The Count applied to the first person he saw belonging to the Prefecture, then almost deserted, and in which he had hoped to find a friend. 'I have come,' said he, 'in the hope that the Prefect, with whom I am well acquainted, would be still here, and I find him gone. For God's sake, give me bread, water, and a place to sleep in, for I am dying with hunger and fatigue.' He had taken only three glasses of iced water for the last two days. He was succoured without being known. Bread, strawberries, and a little wine were set before him; his bleeding feet were washed, and he was put to bed. The man whom a king had supplicated a few months before, was now receiving the eleemosynary succour of a menial. Is not history a sublime and terrible thing?

He had scarcely slept three hours when an officer was announced. An officer! and inquiring too for the fugitive stranger, in a town where the white flag no longer existed! A man must himself have been pursued by the fury of party hostility, to appreciate such an awakening. The officer had heard of an unfortunate man who wanted an asylum. This alone had brought him to the Count. He came to offer counsel, a place of refuge, and such pecuniary assistance, perhaps, as his limited fortune enabled him to bestow upon an unfortunate fellow-creature,—for this was all that he knew of the Count.

Count Peyronnet, after listening to his generous offer, said, 'It is necessary that you should first know who I am, before you perform an act of benevolence that might involve you in difficulties. I am not in the habit of doubting the honour of a man who wears a sword, and my secret is safe in the bosom of a French officer. But your zeal in my behalf is not without danger for yourself. My name is Peyronnet.'

The officer pressed the hands and knees of the Count, and replied, 'It is well; only time presses, and I am determined to save you.'

The secret was communicated to a worthy lady, and she prepared, with her own hands, a dinner, of which the Count was sadly in need. In the evening a carriage was procured, and by another special grace of Providence, a blank passport was obtained, which he filled up himself, after carefully studying the signature of the name he had assumed, which signature he wrote upon a piece of paper and concealed in his most secret pocket; surprised, no doubt, and laughing at the thought that a forgery might be innocent, even when committed by one who had presided over the Courts of Justice. At nine o'clock, the officer and the lady, who had divided between them the attentions of which, during the day, the Count was the object, led him out of the town! An incident, however, nearly frustrated the execution of their project. The key of the coach house in which the carriage purchased for Count Peyronnet had been placed, was not sufficient to open the door, for a large padlock had been put upon it besides the ordinary lock; and it was not without fear of discovery that this padlock was broken to pieces to get at the vehicle. A quarter of an hour afterwards, the Count took leave of his liberators with tears in his eyes, and tears were also in his eyes when he related these facts.

We then came to the facts connected with his arrest, which would not, perhaps, have taken place, but for an act of kindness on his part. He had scarcely been an hour on his journey, when a man mounted on a restive horse, begged him to give him a seat in his carriage to the next stage. The stranger was a commercial traveller, who had been delayed on the road, and considered himself a ruined man if he did not reach Bordeaux by a given time. Touched with compassion, the Count granted his request, insisted on not leaving him at the stage where the traveller wanted to take leave of him, and they proceeded together as far as the top of the hill leading to Tours, whence they perceived a great crowd of people filling the long street, which is seen from thence to extend to the foot of the opposite hill. The Count deemed it prudent to go through this crowd on foot, in order to give less cause for suspicion, and under the very plausible pretence of wishing to relieve his limbs by a little exercise, he got out of the carriage, and walked with assurance into the midst of the mob, excited by the events which had just occurred at Paris. He had already passed through it, had spoken to several sentinels, and was close to the gate of the town, where he was to resume his place in the carriage, when he heard some troopers belonging to the *garde nationale* call out to him to stop. Although they were riding after

him, he neither increased nor diminished his pace, but walked on with the apparent carelessness of one who did not imagine they were addressing him. He was soon overtaken. His companion, stopped by the crowd, had not concealed that he was not travelling alone. The Count would have been saved, had his companion employed an innocent deception, in which his profession and the papers about him would have born him out; and he, countless, would have done so, had he known a secret which, by an excess of prudence, had been kept from him. The curiosity of the agitated populace was then directed towards the absent traveller, whom the *garde nationale* a cheval had just apprehended, and taken to the *Hôtel de Ville*, where thirty men guarded him, watching his every motion.

There was shortly but one cry in the town. The mysterious stranger who had left his chair to go through a city whose streets were crowded with a tumultuous populace, could be no other than Polignac or Peyronnet. But the assurance with which the prisoner spoke, his imperturbable coolness, which he lost not a single instant, the expression of habitual calmness upon his mild and dignified countenance, and the apparent regularity of his passport, contributed to dissipate this suspicion, and he was on the point of being released. They had even begun to offer him an apology for his detention. Several persons who pretended to know the ministers, did not recognize him, and the Count was persuaded, that they purposely avoided doing so. The persons who kept him in durance, were only waiting for the dispersion of the crowd, in order to allow him to continue his journey, when an individual asked to see him. The unknown, on entering, looked steadfastly at him, then turning to the officer who commanded, said, 'It is not M. de Polignac, but M. de Peyronnet.' Thus was the question solved.

To a man of the Count's character, reserve was no longer becoming under circumstances which left him nothing but the dignity of misfortune. He rose with vivacity. 'Enough, gentlemen!' said he, 'I will no longer dissimile, for it is not in my nature to do so. I am Count Peyronnet, the Minister of a King of France.' Then addressing his informer, he added, 'I pardon you, sir; may you be more fortunate than all other pachas, even his own father.'

After the conquest of the Wahabees, Ibrahim commenced the formation in Egypt of a regular army, disciplined in the European manner; and by engaging the most skilful naval architects from Toulon, laid the foundation of the present very considerable naval force of Egypt. Utterly discomfited in Greece, the Sultan at length applied for assistance to his Egyptian vassal. Immediately, the young Pacha poured into the Morea at the head of his army, and supported by a powerful fleet; and such was his progre<sup>s</sup>; that nothing but the famous Treaty of London, and its consequence—the battle of Navarino—could have prevented Greece from again becoming a Moslem province. We have been assured, however, by the highest authority, that it was not the intention of Ibrahim to have restored the Morea to the Sultan. The overthrow of the Egyptians by the Allied Powers only stimulated the exertions of Ibrahim on his return to his country. In the confusion of the Porte, he appropriated to himself both Candia and Cyprus, the finest islands of the Mediterranean.

In the autumn of 1831, the Egyptian army consisted of 90,000 disciplined infantry, perhaps not inferior to the Sepoys, and 10,000 regular cavalry. All the world who knew anything about Egypt, ridiculed the unthrifty vanity of the Pacha, and laughed at the ludicrous disproportion between such a military force and the population and resources of Egypt. By the autumn of 1832, however, Ibrahim has conquered all Syria, and almost the whole of Asia Minor, and is nearer Constantinople than the Russians. Ibrahim Pacha, therefore, is a great man. He is the great conqueror of his age.

He is without doubt a man of remarkable talents. His mind is alike subtle and energetic. He is totally free from prejudice, adopts your ideas with silent rapidity, and his career demonstrates his military genius. His ambition is unbounded; his admiration of European institutions and civilization great; but he avoids, with dexterity, shocking the feelings and prejudices of the Moslem. A mystery hangs over his birth—he is said to be only an adopted son of the present Pacha of Egypt, but this is doubtful; at any rate, the utmost confidence prevails between Ibrahim and his professed father. The Pacha of the Holy Cities is a great voluptuary; his indulgence, indeed, in every species of sensuality, is unbounded. Altho' scarcely in the prime of life, his gross and immense bulk promises but a short term of existence, and indicates a man sinking under overwhelming disease, and incapable of exertion. His habits are sumptuous: he delights in magnificent palaces and fanciful gardens, and is curious in the number and beauty of his Circassians; but his manners are perfectly European. He is constantly in public, and courts the conversation of all ingenious strangers. His chief counsellor is Osman Eyy, a renegade Frenchman, and an able man. Less than twenty years ago, Ibrahim Pacha passed his days in sitting at a window of his palace with a German rifle, and firing at the bloated skins borne on the backs of the water carriers as they returned from the Nile. As Ibrahim is an admirable marksman, the usual effect of his exertions was in general only to deprive the poor water-carriers of the fruits of their daily labour. Sometimes, however, his bullet brought blood, instead of the more innocent liquid—but Egypt was then a despotic country. It is not so now. It

This is what occurred during my visit of gratitude to a prisoner at the castle of Hain. I have been unable to resist the desire of laying the above facts before the public; for they seem to me subjects of powerful interest in the history of our own times. Can I ever forget that not one among our illustrious literati and politicians has failed to answer when I have invoked his name?—and can the readers of the *Livre des*

*Cant du Un* take offence that I should for a moment have become the courier of misfortune?

IBRAHIM PACHA,

THE CONQUEST OF SYRIA.

While Europe rings with the history of civil change, we have only to cast our eyes to another quarter of the globe to witness the progress of events equally mighty, though by means less new. Ibrahim Pacha has conquered all Syria, and is marching unresisted through the Peninsula of Asia. By the last advices the city of Konieh (within 250 miles of the famous capital of the Turkish empire) had opened its gates to him, and Europe is prepared for what a year ago would have been considered the incredible event of the Egyptians marching triumphant into Constantinople. Nearly half a century has passed since the rise of the Wahabees in Arabia threatened the destruction of the Mahomedan faith. These bold, perhaps philosophic, votaries of a sublime creed, declared for the unity of the Godhead, and against the authenticity of the prophet. They plundered the grand caravan of Mecca—they captured the pious Hadgees—they defeated the lieutenants of the Sultan, who endeavoured to vindicate the united interests of Religion and Commerce. For a long period the authority of the Sultan was dormant in Arabia and Syria; Egypt was threatened, and the treasury of Stamboul shrank under the influence of the victorious heretics. At length this same Ibrahim, son of the Egyptian Viceroy, offered his services to resist the torrent. At the head of an irregular force he penetrated into the midst of Arabia, delivered the holy cities, defeated the Wahabees even in their own country, and finally, after having granted peace on the most severe terms, carried their princes as hostages to Cairo. For these services Ibrahim was made Pacha of Mecca and Medina—an appointment which, in the Ottoman empire, gives him precedence before all other pachas, even his own father.

After the conquest of the Wahabees, Ibrahim commenced the formation in Egypt of a regular army, disciplined in the European manner; and by engaging the most skilful naval architects from Toulon, laid the foundation of the present very considerable naval force of Egypt. Utterly discomfited in Greece, the Sultan at length applied for assistance to his Egyptian vassal. Immediately, the young Pacha poured into the Morea at the head of his army, and supported by a powerful fleet; and such was his progre<sup>s</sup>; that nothing but the famous Treaty of London, and its consequence—the battle of Navarino—could have prevented Greece from again becoming a Moslem province. We have been assured, however, by the highest authority, that it was not the intention of Ibrahim to have restored the Morea to the Sultan. The overthrow of the Egyptians by the Allied Powers only stimulated the exertions of Ibrahim on his return to his country. In the confusion of the Porte, he appropriated to himself both Candia and Cyprus, the finest islands of the Mediterranean. In the autumn of 1831, the Egyptian army consisted of 90,000 disciplined infantry, perhaps not inferior to the Sepoys, and 10,000 regular cavalry. All the world who knew anything about Egypt, ridiculed the unthrifty vanity of the Pacha, and laughed at the ludicrous disproportion between such a military force and the population and resources of Egypt. By the autumn of 1832, however, Ibrahim has conquered all Syria, and almost the whole of Asia Minor, and is nearer Constantinople than the Russians. Ibrahim Pacha, therefore, is a great man. He is the great conqueror of his age.

He is without doubt a man of remarkable talents. His mind is alike subtle and energetic. He is totally free from prejudice, adopts your ideas with silent rapidity, and his career demonstrates his military genius. His ambition is unbounded; his admiration of European institutions and civilization great; but he avoids, with dexterity, shocking the feelings and prejudices of the Moslem. A mystery hangs over his birth—he is said to be only an adopted son of the present Pacha of Egypt, but this is doubtful; at any rate, the utmost confidence prevails between Ibrahim and his professed father. The Pacha of the Holy Cities is a great voluptuary; his indulgence, indeed, in every species of sensuality, is unbounded. Altho' scarcely in the prime of life, his gross and immense bulk promises but a short term of existence, and indicates a man sinking under overwhelming disease, and incapable of exertion. His habits are sumptuous: he delights in magnificent palaces and fanciful gardens, and is curious in the number and beauty of his Circassians; but his manners are perfectly European. He is constantly in public, and courts the conversation of all ingenious strangers. His chief counsellor is Osman Eyy, a renegade Frenchman, and an able man. Less than twenty years ago, Ibrahim Pacha passed his days in sitting at a window of his palace with a German rifle, and firing at the bloated skins borne on the backs of the water carriers as they returned from the Nile. As Ibrahim is an admirable marksman, the usual effect of his exertions was in general only to deprive the poor water-carriers of the fruits of their daily labour. Sometimes, however, his bullet brought blood, instead of the more innocent liquid—but Egypt was then a despotic country. It is not so now. It

This is what occurred during my visit of gratitude to a prisoner at the castle of Hain. I have been unable to resist the desire of laying the above facts before the public; for they seem to me subjects of powerful interest in the history of our own times. Can I ever forget that not one among our illustrious literati and politicians has failed to answer when I have invoked his name?—and can the readers of the *Livre des*

*Cant du Un* take offence that I should for a moment have become the courier of misfortune?

IBRAHIM PACHA,

THE CONQUEST OF SYRIA.

While Europe rings with the history of civil change, we have only to cast our eyes to another quarter of the globe to witness the progress of events equally mighty, though by means less new. Ibrahim Pacha has conquered all Syria, and is marching unresisted through the Peninsula of Asia. By the last advices the city of Konieh (within 250 miles of the famous capital of the Turkish empire) had opened its gates to him, and Europe is prepared for what a year ago would have been considered the incredible event of the Egyptians marching triumphant into Constantinople. Nearly half a century has passed since the rise of the Wahabees in Arabia threatened the destruction of the Mahomedan faith. These bold, perhaps philosophic, votaries of a sublime creed, declared for the unity of the Godhead, and against the authenticity of the prophet. They plundered the grand caravan of Mecca—they captured the pious Hadgees—they defeated the lieutenants of the Sultan, who endeavoured to vindicate the united interests of Religion and Commerce. For a long period the authority of the Sultan was dormant in Arabia and Syria; Egypt was threatened, and the treasury of Stamboul shrank under the influence of the victorious heretics. At length this same Ibrahim, son of the Egyptian Viceroy, offered his services to resist the torrent. At the head of an irregular force he penetrated into the midst of Arabia, delivered the holy cities, defeated the Wahabees even in their own country, and finally, after having granted peace on the most severe terms, carried their princes as hostages to Cairo. For these services Ibrahim was made Pacha of Mecca and Medina—an appointment which, in the Ottoman empire, gives him precedence before all other pachas, even his own father.

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and discreet men to assist in the administration of affairs. The members of the "Alto Parlamento" have the power of discussing all measures; but those of the "Basso Parlamento" are permitted only to petition. Their Highnesses pay very little practical attention to the debaters or the petitioners, but always treat them with great courtesy. Yet they are very proud (especially the elder Pasha) of the institutions; and the writer of this article has heard Melhemet Ali more than once boast that "he has as many Parliaments as the King of England." In the meanwhile these extraordinary events have wrought singular revolutions in manners—we have for the first time a *Turkish Ambassador* in England.

MARCO POLO, JUNIOR.

#### THE SHICK'S REVENGE.

By Mrs. Godwin.

To Abdallah's tent a stranger came,  
And shelter claimed in the Prophet's name;  
His check was haggard with care and toil,  
His garment stained with the dust of a soil.

They gave him to drink in a londly bowl,  
And with pains we loome chear'd his soul,  
While the camp is hasted with zeal and care;  
Hasten'd on board their choicest fare.

The tent was shind in the hour of rest,  
But no slumber came to Abdallah's breast;  
He wot for with the earliest streak of light,  
But his mood was gloomy and dark as night.

On the desert while his gaze lay bent—  
Aye to the kindling East he sent  
Impudent looks, while his wakeful ear  
Harken'd a footstep falling near.

He runn'd like the dauntless stag at bay,  
Or the lion roused at the sight of prey;  
And he was aware that his guest stood nigh,  
Gazing like him on the brightening sky.

The stranger said to the Arab cheif,  
"On the brow of my lord there is wrath and grief—  
Torn not from patience thy noble mind,  
Misadventure thy heart's desire shall find."

"Na," cried Abdallah, "it may not be—  
Glory and power have departed from me!  
One who hath lost of my race on his hand  
Hath escaped the revenge of my thirsting brand."

The stranger flung off his deep disguise,  
And stood revealed to Abdallah's eyes—  
"Behold in thy grasp thy frenzied foe—  
My bosom is bared to thy dagger's blow."

The single eye of the Shick so proud  
Gleam'd like the dash of the thunder-cloud,  
And red as the Kansan's\* lurid fire.  
The animyng blood of his black check grew.

"Hassan," he cried, "thou hast judged me well—  
Honour and truth with thy bold tribe stand;  
Never hath one of my people harm'd it  
The guest that his bosom and heart had warm'd.

"Take from yon valley my fleetest steed—  
Swift from the face of my warriours speed;  
Thou'rt safe while the scarce up-risen sun  
But half his daily course hath run.

"Thou'rt safe till the shadow the date-tree throws  
In a lengthen'd darkness eastward grows—  
But I swear by the flash of my father's sword,  
To jurate thee then, and I'll keep my word."

\* Bruce relates that the coming of the hot poisono wind of the Desert is indicated by the appearance of a dead halo in the atmosphere.

#### THREE YEARS IN NORTH AMERICA.

By James Stuart, Esq.

The first city which he saw was New York; these are his commencing remarks:—

"We have seen little of the manners of the people, the great heat of the weather having forced us at present to decline invitations, which were very hospitably given us by some of our fellow-passengers, whose good offices towards us on our arrival we can never recollect without grateful feelings. The dress of the people differs little from our own. Ladies seem to dress more smartly, when shopping or walking out in the forenoon, than in British cities; and their bonnets and head-dress are probably more according to the Parisian, than the London fashion. Shopkeepers, or rather storekeepers,—for a shop is uniformly called a store here,—are less obsequious in their manners than in Britain; but I have observed no want of civility anywhere."

Other travellers, more willing to be out of humour, have spoken more harshly of the accommodations of the western world than Mr. Stuart:—

"The bed-chambers do not correspond with the eating-rooms, either in appearance or accommodation,—the whole fitting up and furnishing looking meagre; beds without curtains,—not a bit of carpet in the bed-rooms,—even water not so plentiful as is requisite, most of all in a warm climate—neither hot nor cold baths in this, one of the two greatest hotels in New York,—nor proper accommodation of a different, but still more necessary description. \* \* An abundant supply of water is no doubt necessary before it is attainable; but the wealth and population of this great city increase so rapidly, that that object will be effected in a few years. Water is both deficient in quantity and quality here. Much of it is brought in carts from a considerable distance, and sold at a high price. Mosquitos have plagued us much less than we were taught to expect,—not more than wood-flies sometimes do in Britain. The common fly is in great numbers, and very troublesome."

"Iced soda-water from the fountain is the liquid in universal use by all descriptions of persons, and is admirably prepared,—the pleasantest beverage, as it appeared to me, that I had ever tasted in warm weather. It is frequently mixed with a small portion of lemon syrup; the price threepence sterling for a tumbler. It is prepared and sold in almost every street. The demand at the fountains is so great, that very large

sums of money have been made by the manufacturers."

Persons of colour are numerous in America; it was lately debated in Congress whether it is prudent to educate them; the motion for ignorance was lost by a small majority: let us add to this a few lines from the pen of Mr. Stuart—they need no comment:—

"We had observed a very handsome woman of colour, as well dressed, and as like a female of education, as any of those on board, on deck. My wife, who had some conversation with her, asked her, when she found that she had not dined with us, why she had not been in the cabin? She replied very modestly, that the people of this country did not eat with the people of colour. The manners and appearance of this lady were interesting, and would have distinguished her anywhere."

The State Prison, at Auburn, engaged the author's attention for some time: his account may be perused with advantage by statesmen of all countries—we give a brief detail of the management:—

"When convicts arrive, they have their irons taken off, are thoroughly cleaned, and clad in the prison dress. The rules of the prison are explained to them, and they are instructed by the keeper in their duties,—to obey orders, and to labour diligently in silence,—to approach all the officers of the institution, when it is necessary for them to speak, with respectful language, and never to speak without necessity, even to the keepers; never to speak to each other under any pretence, nor to sing, dance, or do anything having the least tendency to distract the prison; never to leave the places assigned to them without permission; never to speak to any person who does not belong to the prison, nor to look off from their work to see any one; never to work carelessly, or be idle a single moment. They are also told, that they will not be allowed to receive letters, or intelligence from, or concerning, their friends, or any information on any subject out of the prison. Any correspondence of this kind, that may be necessary, must be carried on through the keeper, or assistant keepers. A Bible is, by order of the state, put into each cell. The bodies of all criminals, who die in the state prisons, are, by order of the legislature, delivered to the College of Physicians when they are not claimed by their relations within twenty-four hours after their death. The state prisons being in the country,—at a distance generally, it must be presumed, from the residence of the relations,—such a claim can, it is obvious, be but rarely made."

Agriculture is everywhere well understood; much of the country is cultivated like a garden: on penetrating into the interior, Mr. Stuart saw many lately settled locations. Settlers may profit by the observations of one too experienced to be mistaken:—

"In the course of our ride we saw great tracts of country lately settled and improved, much of it good, though not all of equally fertile soil,—the farm-houses generally new and good,—several of the farms belonging to British settlers; one of the largest to an Englishman,—the country roads far better than I expected,—the trees in the forest magnificent, not in point of circumference, for they are too close to each other even to have lateral branches, but in point of height and clearness of the bark. I am no advocate, even from what I have already seen, and with the very limited information I possess, for foreigners undertaking the first settlement in this country themselves.—The tools of wood-cutting, house-building and inclosing, are immense; and, added to those is the great risk to health, which a foreigner and his family, far more than native, incur by the exhalations from the wood-cutting process. All the necessary operations are performed better, more quickly, and with less danger to health, by the natives, who are accustomed to them, and better inured to the hardships attendant on bivouacking into the woods before a dwelling-house is prepared. The necessary privations are more readily submitted to by the natives than by foreigners, and are in truth much less prejudicial to them."

Any anecdote of the illustrious Washington is of value: the following is a noble one:—

"While the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped in the environs of Morris Town, New Jersey, it occurred that the service of the communion (then observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian Church of that village. In a morning of the previous week, the General, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of that church, and after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him: 'Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday. I would learn, if it accords with the canons of your church to admit communicants of another denomination?' The Doctor rejoined, 'Most certainly. Ours is not the Presbyterian table, General, but the Lord's table; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers, of whatever name.' The General replied, 'I am glad of it: that is as it ought to be; but, as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities.' The Doctor reassured him of a cordial welcome, and the General was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath."

The Americans are pleased to remember, that they foiled England and gained their independence by the genius of a printer, a surveyor, a blacksmith, and a cobbler—viz. Franklin, Washington, Greene, and Sherman. "Princes may make dukes," says Stuart, "but all the kings in the world cannot make a Washington or a Franklin." He might as well have said or sung

A man's a man for a' that.

At Albany, in the state of New York, the author halted during the stormy days of Jackson's election; the admirers of the ballot cannot choose but read Mr. Stuart's account of the scene with pleasure:—

"It was on the 5th November that I was present at the election at Ballston Spa, held in one of the hotels, about the door of which twenty or thirty people might be standing. My friend Mr. Brown introduced me, and got me a place at the table. I must confess that I have been seldom more disappointed at a public meeting. The excitement occasioned by the election generally was delineated by the newspapers to be far greater than had ever been witnessed since the declaration of independence in 1776. And at Ballston Spa, any irritation which existed had been increased by an attack made a few days previous to the election by the local press, and by hand-bills on the moral character of one of the candidates, a gentleman who had filled a high office in Congress, and who resided in the neighbourhood. I was therefore prepared for some fun, for some ebullition of humour, or of sarcastic remark, or dry wit, to which Americans are said to be prone. But all was dumb show, or the next thing to it. The ballot-boxes were placed on a long table, at which half a dozen of the inspectors or canvassers of votes were seated. The voters approached the table by single files. Not a word was spoken.—Each voter delivered his list, when he got next to the table, to the officers, who called out his name. Any person might object, but the objection was immediately decided,—the officers having no difficulty, from their knowledge of the township, of the persons residing in it, and to whose testimony reference was instantly made, in determining on the spot, whether the qualification of the voter was or was not sufficient. I need not say, that I did not attend this excessively uninteresting sort of meeting for any long time: but I am bound to bear this testimony in its favour, that so quiet an election, both without and within doors, I never witnessed in Scotland or England. I did not see or hear of a drunk person in the street of the village or neighbourhood, nor did I observe any thing extraordinary, except the increased number of carriages or wagons of all kinds, three or four of them drawn by four horses, one by six. We were residing close by the hotel where the election took place, and in the evening the tranquillity was as complete as if no election had occurred."

In the clearing of forest land Mr. Stuart advises the foreign settler to employ Americans to prepare the way:—

"In originally dispossessing the forest, and clearing the ground, the American has great advantages over the European emigrant. He understands the use of the axe from his infancy, and much more rapidly brings the trees to the ground. His house and fences are far more economically erected. His employment in these operations is that to which he has been all his life accustomed. His health does not suffer, as a stranger's does, from the hardships to which he is in the mean time exposed, nor from the exhalations which always accompany the clearing of woodland, and which are so apt in this country to produce fever and ague. \*

Of Boston, which all travellers unite in praising, Mr. Stuart says nothing save what is complimentary:—

"The city is clean and well paved, and seems to be not only entirely free of beggars, but of any population that is not apparently living comfortably. I did not observe a single individual in the streets of the city who was, not well apparelled, nor an individual of what we call the lower orders. Even at New York, during the few days I was there, I observed some small districts of the city where cleanliness was less attended to than in others, and where there were indications, especially among the coloured people, that dissolute habits prevailed in some degree; but at Boston there is not the semblance of idleness or filth among the people anywhere. All are, or seem to be, in the full enjoyment of the necessities of life, and all busy, active, and employed. What a contrast in these respects between this city and the city of Dublin, which, in the month of July 1827, I saw crowded with beggars almost naked, even in the heart of it: and on the arrival of a mail-coach in Sackville Street, scrambling for the few half-pence which the passengers threw among them."

The author discourses a little on ship-building, on steam navigation, and on war: the American ship-sail swifter than those of England: Fulton, he thinks, is entitled to the praise of having made the first useful experiment in the application of steam in maritime affairs; in war, he allows the Americans to tell their own story:—

"In many conversations which I have had with American naval officers, they attributed their success in the late war,—how truly I cannot tell,—chiefly to their expertness and celerity in firing their guns. They often, they said, fired three times while we fired twice, and they consider themselves to take surer aim. They also say that we fire when the ship is ascending on the wave, and not when she is descending, as they do, when they can take a better aim. The discipline on board their ships is allowed on all hands to be most strictly maintained,—and they insist that, at the time of the short war with them, the discipline in British ships had become somewhat relaxed, from our having no naval enemy at all equal to cope with us for many years previously."

Republicans have their own taste in the matter of emigrants:—

"The Scotch are preferred to other foreigners in all public employments, on account of their sobriety; the Swiss and Germans, as planters or landed proprietors; but neither the English, nor especially the

Irish, can withstand the charms of claret or sherry liquor, so well as the emigrants from the west of Europe, and the Scotch. Many of the Irish sacrifice to the use of spirits; but still there is a great number of them in the neighbourhood of New York and Philadelphia, doing well and living well."

The following remarks on the language of the land cannot be far wrong:—

"I have never been able to observe either here, or in other parts of the United States who, save very few, have any ground for an observation which I have heard again and again made by British writers, viz. that it is difficult to understand the language which the Americans use, and that an American does not at once understand what an Englishman says. On the contrary, I think it much more difficult, in travelling in Britain, to comprehend the various dialects that are used by the lower classes in different parts of the country. Even in the city of London, the language is very different in the city and in the west end of the town. The style of speaking is very much the same all over this country. The only difference seems to me to consist in the different signification which is given to a few words in America, such as the following:—A lady calling on us when there was some melon on the table, we asked her to partake of it as soon as the servant brought a plate. She was in a hurry, and took up a little bit in her hand, saying, allow me to take it 'friendly'—meaning unconsciously. Of such words as this there is a considerable number, but there is generally no difficulty in finding out the sense in which they are used."

What he relates of President Jackson is interesting:—

"The president generally attends Divine worship in this church. His seat is nowise distinguished from the others in the church. He was attended by his family, among whom was a Mrs. Donelson, his niece. Nothing struck me more than seeing him mixing in the passages of the church with the rest of the congregation as a private individual, and conversing with such of them as he knew on going out, without the slightest official assumption. He bowed to Mr. Kennedy in the seat where I was.

The president has very little the appearance or gait of a soldier, as I have been accustomed to see them. He is extremely spare in his habit of body,—at first sight not unlike Shakespeare's starved apothecary,—but he is not an ungenteel man in manner and appearance; and there are marks of good humour, as well as decision of character in his countenance."

Here is an attestation to the character of Transatlantic helps:—

"I am bound, however, to say, that I always felt myself at ease respecting any little articles I might leave in the room, when the servants, whether male or female, were white Americans. This testimony to their honesty I can bear, after travelling through almost every part of the United States. The white servants never forget the respect due to themselves, and consider it a thing quite as likely, that the guest should pilfer from the waiter, as the waiter from the guest."

There is much contained in the following words from a magistrate of Philadelphia:—

"We have no such class as the poor. Our lands are so cheap, and the absolute necessities of life so easily obtained, that the number of dependant poor are scarcely sufficient to give exercise to the virtue, charity in individuals. A beggar is almost as with us as a prince. Children, instead of being an incubus to the poor of our country, are their riches."

The author puts Mrs. Trollope on her trial, in what he says of sermons both in house and wilderness; we wonder what that sarcastic lady will say to such a piece of serious dissection as this:—

"If Mrs. Trollope had witnessed this scene, her talents for sarcasm and ridicule would, no doubt, have had as fair a field for display as on occasion of the private prayer meeting at Cincinnati, or in the neighbourhood, which she attended by invitation from the wife of a market gardener. It is worthy of observation, that, while she holds up that meeting to the derision of the public, she has not mentioned an occurrence as having taken place during the proceeding, or any doctrine as maintained, to which a believer in the Christian religion could object. The apostles were the inspired exponents of the doctrines of Christianity. They were humbler, in point of situation, than the cottage apostle of Cincinnati, as Mrs. Trollope calls him, and they recommended no duty more earnestly than prayer. Mrs. Trollope's opinions on such a subject do not, however, appear to me to be entitled to much weight. She recommends the religion of the Church of England, because *sanctioned by a nation's law*, as if a nation's law could improve, or alter in one iota, a religion, which is only the Christian religion, if believed, as handed down from the inspired writers. With singular inconsistency, she, at the same time, applauds the lectures of her friend, Miss Wright, who openly and avowedly preaches against all religions or superstitions, as she calls them. This is perfectly fair conduct in Miss Wright, a professed infidel, whose great object in life seems now to be not only to expose, as she thinks, the imposture of the Christian religion, but the absurdity of the marriage tie, and of the social relations. Her proceedings are at least open and candid. Mrs. Trollope, on the other hand, with ill-conceived hatred to anything like the Christian religion on the part of those who believe it, shelters herself from something like the loss of character or of friends, which might follow such an avowal as Miss Wright's, by declaring, in the nineteenth century, that the religion of the Church of

## THE CONVENTION

England is to be trusted because sanctioned by a nation's law, and that religion is one of the points on which the magistrates should dictate their lectures to the people, so as to prevent those differences of opinion which she witnessed in America, and which she might witness at home if she were to resort, as she did in America, to the meetings of Methodists, Baptists, &c.

These volumes cannot fail to be widely read; they are candid, sagacious, and honest.—*Maven.*

*The Church of England and her Revenues*—[From Parliamentary Documents]—I. Only about two thirds of the land in England and Wales are titheable.

2. Laymen have one third of the whole of the tithes.

3. The whole tithes paid to the clergy, when wheat was 3/- 19/-, 2d. a quarter, far higher than it is now, were 1,428,527/- 18s. 0d. or less than one million and a half.

4. If the tithes were equally divided, each parish clergyman would have, according to the present price of wheat, 150/- a year. This is proved by papers published by Parliament, and these papers came not from the clergy, but from the farmers.

5. There are in England and Wales 4,361 livings under 150/-; there are 176 livings under 30/- a year; 726 under 50/- a year, 1,315 under 80/- a year, and 1,000 livings under 100/- a year; there are not 30 livings in all England worth 2,000/- a year; livings, which in high times were worth 2,500/- a year, are now worth 1,200/-.

6. There are 4,800 livings where the clergyman has no house to live in; of these, 3,080 are under 150/- a year; can the clergymen build the houses when the livings are under 150/- a year? All the houses are kept in repair by the clergy. At this very time 220,000/- has been borrowed by clergymen, to build or rebuild parsonage houses.

7. The fees to the clergy in country parishes and country towns vary from 3/- to 7/- on every thousand persons of population. The greater part of the fees paid does not belong to the clergy. In London and large towns where the fees are large the clergymen has nothing but fees and offerings.

*The Scottish Church*.—The state of the bodies composing at present the Secession in Great Britain and Ireland, at the close of 1831, according to the Edinburgh Almanack for this year, is as under, viz.:

Presby. Minis. Congregations.		
United Associate Synod in Scot. & Irel.	tert. 23	316 343
Synod of Ireland connected with the above,	9	93 96
Original Auldmerger Synod in Scotland, including one congregation in Ireland,	4	30 39
Original Burgher Synod in Scotland, including one Presbytery in Ireland,	5	40 56
Total connected with the Secession in Britain and Ireland,	41	487 528

To the above a number of new congregations, during the present year, have been added, not to mention those in America, of which we have no account, though there is not the smallest doubt but that they must also be pretty numerous in that country. We may also state, that besides the above 343 congregations under the inspection of the United Associate Synod of Scotland, there are likewise a considerable number of missionary stations in the more unenlightened parts of both Scotland and England, which are occasionally supplied with sermon, by its probationers, the expenses of which are defrayed from the Synod fund, in aid of which collection from each of its congregations is asked annually. The Synod has also lately established a separate fund for the support of foreign missions under its own immediate inspection, to which additional collections are also made by its congregations, independently of occasionally contributing, along with their brethren of other denominations, for Missionary and Bible Societies, as well as for other philanthropical and charitable purposes.—*Scotch paper.*

*Cholera in Cuba*.—A letter from Matanzas, dated the 10th inst., received by a friend, contains intelligence from Havana to about the 8th. We learn that the cholera had already diminished in extent and severity, and was almost exclusively confined to the most miserable and vicious of the colored population. Up to the evening of the 2d, the time when the writer left that city, there had been 33 cases (of which only three were whites,) and 18 deaths. At the last accounts the whole number of cases was about 50, with a decrease in the proportion of deaths.

The disease had not made its appearance at Matanzas, but measures of purification and precaution had been taken; a sort of cordón had been drawn around the place, and vessels from Havana performed a quarantine of two days. The letter remarks, that two or three months ago the cholera prevailed for a time at Matanzas, which induced the hope that their period of disease then occurred. It was sudden and violent, but in no instance proved fatal, although there were about 200 cases. It came on with vomiting and looseness. It is a remarkable fact, that not a native of Cuba or a stranger acclimated there, has been known to suffer from the cholera either in Paris, London, or the United States: and the writer remarks that "it would be singular if the disease should not respect us at home."—*Daily Adr.*

\* Messrs. John Swinburne and Jordan Rogers are associated in the publication of this Journal, the business will be conducted under the firm of Prescott, Swinburne & Co.

## MARRIED.

In this city, on the 19th, Mr. Abraham Trafford, (of the firm of K. & C. Trafford) to Mrs. Barbara Hartner, On the 23d, Mr. Jonathan Hay, of Norwell, Co. to Miss Anna Eliza Langton, of this city.

On the 23d, by the Rev. A. MacLay, Mr. Adam P. Pratt, to Miss Jane T. daughter of the Rev. A. MacLay.

On the 26th, Mr. James T. Smith, to Miss Jane Edna Maud.

On the 26th, Mr. Henry J. Cruger, to Miss Susan Matilda Redhouse Whetstone.

On the 26th, Mr. George C. Satterlee, to Miss Mary Le Roy Livingstone.

On the 26th, Mr. P. S. Rowland, to Miss A. Adolphus, sister to Mr. A. C. of this city.

On the 26th, Mr. Gilbert T. Simon, to Miss Lucia T. Pray.

On the 21st, Mr. Robert Myers, to Mrs. Ann Woodrough.

On the 19th, Mr. John G. Bishop, to Miss Cuthie Frost.

On the 23d, Mr. James Picket, to Mrs. Sarah A. Collins.

On the 21st, Mr. Joseph Lane, (of the firm of Lane, Lamson & Co.) to Miss Sarah Hill.

At West Farms on 23d, Dr. Wm. Bayard, to Miss Cora, daughter of the late Dr. Hoffman.

At Philadelphia, on the 14th, Mr. Robert Scott, to Miss Lucia White—both of this city.

## DIED.

In this city, on the 18th, Miss Adahira Merrem, aged 18.

On the 22d, Mr. Peter Schomaker, aged 48.

On the 19th, Mrs. Maria Carter, aged 42.

On the 18th, Mrs. Theodore Randolph, aged 21.

On the 21st, Mr. Moses Lipp, aged 51.

On the 24th, Mr. Samuel N. Pierce, aged 23.

On the 21st, Mrs. Mary Jones, aged 87.

On the 21st, Mrs. Ann Graham, aged 33.

On the 21st, Mrs. Elizabeth Morell, aged 22.

On the 20th, Mr. Wm. Morell, aged 35.

On the 20th, Mr. Isaac S. Schuyler, aged 32.

On the 22d, Mr. Robert W. Sharp, aged 20.

On the 23d, Mrs. Agnes Smith, aged 67.

On the 19th, Mr. Henry Gibon.

On the 19th, Mr. Jno. Nowlan, aged 60.

On the 25th, Mrs. Rachel Donkin, aged 31.

On the 24th, Mr. Patrick Monghan, aged 71.

On the 24th, Mrs. Catherine Cormier, aged 73.

On the 20th, Mr. John Wood, aged 43.

On the 21st, Mr. Peter Duryea, aged 32.

On the 20th, Mr. John J. Short, aged 53.

On the 25th, Mr. Francis Casleau, aged 26.

On the 25th, Mr. Alon Wayfield, aged 34.

On the 25th, Mr. Michael Haynes, aged 21.

At Bristol, En., on the 19th, Mrs. Mary, wife of Thomas A. Cooper, Esq., the celebrated Tragedian.

At St. David's, U.C., on the 18th, Mrs. Jemima Stewart, aged 119. Her husband died a few years ago, at the age of 96. They have children now living at the age of 80, grand-daughters at 60, and a large number of great-grandchildren.

## HURLEY'S—(106 Broadway.)

OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 5, for 1833—30 10 25 52 7 1 44 8 19.

P. S. Tickets sold at my office at a larger discount than at any other office in this city.

I have again sold in the above, Prizes of \$1000, \$400, \$300, \$200, and several of \$100, &c.,—and in Lotteries lately drawn I have sold the following splendid Prizes:—1 of \$20,000, 2 of \$10,000, 5 of \$5000, 2 of \$3200, 5 of \$2500, 2 of \$2270, 6 of \$2000, 5 of \$1500, 4 of \$1250, 5 of \$1000, 20 of \$1000, 20 of \$500, 40 of \$300, 30 of \$200, 50 of \$100, &c.

Tickets are only \$10 shares in proportion. Lowest Price, \$12.

A liberal discount made to all who purchase by the package. Orders enclosing the cash or prize tickets meet the same attention as if personally applied for.

Unearned money discounted at the lowest rates. Doubtless, Sovereigns, and American Gold bought and sold.

DR. BARCLAY's Concentrated Compound of Culpeper's and Saraparilla, an ineffusive, positive, and speedy Remedy for the Cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Seminal Weakness, Strictures, White, Pain in the Lungs and Kidneys, Irritation of the Bladder and Utricle, Gravel, and other Diseases of the Urinary Passages.

This most efficacious Preparation is conveniently used, and easily devoid of irritating qualities, frequently performing cures in a few days; it is healthful to the stomach, and by no means unpleasant to the palate, possessing all the active medical properties necessary for the Cure of the above Diseases, without any liability of injury to the system by exposure to the weather. It has obtained the sanction of many of the respectable members of the Faculty, and the approbation of all those who have occasion for its use.

A Treatise on the Medicinal Properties of Saraparilla, compiled from the best Authorities, strongly elucidates the high repute and great success which has attended its use, in various internal Chronic Diseases.

Another choice ingredient, obtaining great celebrity in Europe, has also been introduced, forming a safe, speedy, and permanent Cure for the above Diseases.

Prepared by S. G. Barclay, M.D., Strand, London; and for sale by the Proprietor's Agent,

NATHAN P. GRAHAM.

No. 38 Cedar street, (corner of William st.)

Observe the signature of "S. G. Barclay" on the stamp of each bottle—as none other is genuine.

CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.

A MOST elegant assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's most superior POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the neatest possible manufacture, for sale by

BUSSING & CO., 205 William-street,

(next door to Cohen's, 71.)

SPICE BITTERS.—These Bitters have been long celebrated for their peculiar virtue, in fortifying and strengthening the stomach; they procure an appetite and keep digestion sweet and purify the blood, remove obstructions, and are found very useful in removing the pangs of pain; they produce a sweetness of the breath, removing all the tart and unsavoury belching, and are a great preventive against fever and agues. They are used in all seasons of the year, but more particularly so in the Spring, by tracing the farts, and preventing that disagreeable insensibility and weakness arising so frequently from relaxation on the approach of warm weather.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by

NATHAN P. GRAHAM,

32 Cedar, corner of William st.

## THE CONVENTION

GRAND EXHIBITION BALL,  
CITY SALOON.

MRS. TRUST, impressed with lively gratitude for the liberal support extended to her Education Ball last season at the City Hotel, has the honor most respectfully to announce to her Friends, Parents, and the Public, that her *Third Grand Annual Exhibition Ball* will take place at the splendid City Saloon, Strand Buildings, (opposite St. Paul's) on Wednesday next, the 3d proximo, when the following Fancy Dances will be introduced by her Pupils—

1. A Grand March.

2. Medley Comic Dance—Gentlemen.

3. Pas Seul—Lady.

4. Naval Hornpipe—Gentlemen.

5. Scotch Minuet, in character—Mrs. Trust and a Gentleman.

6. Minuet de la Cour—with eight.

7. Spanish Dance—Lady.

8. Russian Dance, in character—Lady and Gentleman.

9. Welsh Dance—four Ladies.

10. Valzer, Trans.

11. Pas de Trois.

12. Pas de Deux.

13. Hornpipe—Lady.

14. Pas Seul—Lady.

15. Highland Fling—Gentleman.

16. Tambourine Dance.

17. Spanish Bolero—Mrs. Trust and a Gentleman, who will accompany themselves on the castagnettes.

18. New Cotillion.

The floor will be under the direction of Mr. J. W. Trust. The Orchestra on this occasion will be powerfully augmented with the brightest musical talent in the city. For this night Mr. H. J. Trust is engaged, and at 11 o'clock will, by special desire, execute the brilliant Fantasy on the Harp, "Les Souvenirs d'Irlande et d'Ecosse," as performed by him at the Montrouge benefit.

The Saloon will be elegantly decorated by a first-rate artist—and Dancing continued to a late hour.

It is respectfully requested that the Company will assemble at 8 o'clock precisely—the time appointed for the Fancy Dances to commence.

Ticket, to admit one Gentleman, accompanied with three Ladies' Tickets, \$2—extra Lady's Ticket, 50 cents; No extra charge, except for Books and Stationery.

The number of Scholars will be strictly limited to 25

and the exclusive attention of the Principal devoted to their improvement.

The course of study will be adapted to the wishes of the parents or guardians of each pupil, preparatory to an admission into the Counting House or College. When left to the Principal the studies will embrace a thorough English and Commercial Education.

Reference—The Faculty of Columbia College,

Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D.D.

Rev. William A. Clark, D.D.

Dr. William Hubbard.

Applications for admission can be made (by mail) to the Principal at Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. (Conn.)

Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Messrs. S.C. & S. Lyons, 256 Pearl street, Jan. 5, 1833.

## BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS, AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS.

WHO DESIRE A NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE, IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c. From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of

170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR

BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers,

71 WILLIAM-STREET,

NEW YORK.

## PEACH ORCHARD, AND LEHIGH COALS.

THE Subscribers have now in yard a full supply of the above Coals, all of which have been selected for the past season with great care, and are recommended to the public as first rate being inferior to none in this city, and will always be sold at the lowest market price by applying at the Coal Office No. 157 Broadway, or at the yard corner of Morris and Washington Streets.

HENRY STORES & CO.

N.B. Also for sale as above, first quality Liverpool and Peach Orchard Nut Coal.

Feb 19—

THE attention of the public is invited to a very superior article of AROMATIC SEIDLITZ POWDERS, which upon trial will prove beyond all comparison equal to any now in use. The agreeable aromatic quality added to this composition, will in all seasons not only give a pleasant sensation to the most delicate stomach, but entirely prevent that feeling of chills, &c. so often complained of when taking preparations of this nature in cold water. In testimony of the superior qualities and effects of the Aromatic Seidlitz Powders, I beg leave to advert to names of some of the most respectable Physicians, as seen on the wrappers of each box.

Sold wholesale and retail, at the subscriber's, and at the Drug Stores of J. B. Dodd, M. Simson, and P. Dick, Broadway.

J. P. CARROLL,

No. 25 John street.

\*\* Plain Seidlitz Powders prepared as above.

Mr. Morelans, Capone, and Retaliés, supplied on the shortest notice, and a liberal allowance made.

WORM SUGAR PLUMS.—A delicious and convenient medicine for children, causing worms to be discharged in great numbers, and even when there is no appearance of worms. They are quite beneficial in conveying off the secretion of mucus from the stomach and bowels, which generates them, and is as injurious to children as worms alive. Sold wholesale or retail by

NATHAN P. GRAHAM, 35 Cedar, corner of William st.

## OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.